

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY



MAY 11, 1946

Registered in Australia for
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Mother's Day

John Miller



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Was THAT What I SAID

By
VELIA ERCOLE

7 MAY 1946

SOMEbody opened the bedroom door and then closed it again quickly. Camilla moved slightly in John's arms and said, "You must go."

"Yes, I suppose so. It gets worse every time. All the partings we've had should make me used to them, but it gets worse every time."

"I know. It ought to be better, though, now that we don't have to worry about one another."

"Yes. That awful part is over. I know you're not in danger now and that you'll come back to me. It's just . . . She knitted her white brows. "Just plain missing you, now. I hate it. I can't help it. And it doesn't seem worth being noble and brave about . . . like the other."

John looked past her, through the side windows. "Yes," he said. "Sometimes I think it would be easier if there were still danger."

She said loudly, "Don't talk like that!" and he grinned at her.

"I just meant that the hubbub of battle takes your mind off your love life."

"Well, you have plenty of work to occupy you. You're always saying you're hopelessly overworked, that you're the one man cleaning up Europe all by yourself." She paused, then said in an odd voice, "You can be grateful for having so much to do."

He missed the implication of her tone. "Yes. I've work enough, and it's time I was getting back," he said. "I wish I'd been content to stay one of the more brutal soldiery. Heaven knows when I'll get my release now that I've been transferred to UNRRA."

There was the sound of a motor horn from the drive below the window. His elder brother Roy was to drop him at the railway station on his way to town.

"There's Roy," John said, but he didn't move. They stood very still.

"Don't keep him waiting," she said.

"He understands. He's a good sort, old Roy. You like him, don't you?"

"Very much. He's been everything he should have been to me."

"He gets a bit pompous at times."

"He has every right to be pompous. He's done a good job."

"He has. And he's got a bigger one ahead. I used to feel sorry for him sometimes. Now I . . ." He stopped.

"Why were you sorry for him?"

Camilla was stroking his wrist, drawing peace into her body through her finger-tips.

"Well . . . a reserved bloke, stuck here in the works—it seemed tame. But now he's the top man there, and his is the hectic adventure, and his is the taking a back seat. It's Roy, really, who has made all the switch-over plans. While I'm not even there. And when I get back I'll be absolutely mere."

"You'll have a lot to learn. But you won't be negligible. You could never be that."

John laughed at her. But he was pleased. He said, "That's my clingy vine. You've learned Lesson One. How to make your man feel a Big Shot while he's on the bottom rung."

The horn sounded again, more insistently.

John said in a shaken whisper, "Good-bye, my darling. Be a very good, happy girl until I come back."



"Stop insulting my relations and come here," John said to her mischievously.

"I'll be good."

"And happy?"

"I've absolutely nothing to complain of," Camilla said, too much occupied in keeping her expression cheerful to know much about what she was saying.

"You haven't, my love . . . except my absence. I expect and hope you will complain about that. But it won't be long. Six months or so, and perhaps a leave in between. Very soon . . . and then I'll load you with comforts, and buy you Bond Street. You won't have to worry about things . . . we'll be free, living here with the parents. I'll give you the world, sweet, and we'll have fun. You'll wake up from these

long years of toil and sweat and tears."

"Perhaps," she said. The five years had been spent in an aircraft factory. Her eyes were closed and behind her eyelids she saw a sudden blur of machines and her own bent figure; she heard the deafening roar of the vast shed. "We'll sleep and dream that life is beauty," she said. "Certainly we'll have fun."

"That's it," John said, watching her. "We're among the lucky ones." The horn sounded once more, a

loud, impatient blast. "I really must go. I have to say good-bye to the parents yet. Darling, it's been a lovely leave."

Camilla opened her eyes as his arms let go of her. "Yes," she said unsteadily. "You must go now. Give my love and sympathy to Holland, my very dear love, and if you find a tulip, pick it and wear it in your buttonhole from me."

"It's a pretty thought. That

should brighten up my uniform no end." John smacked her lightly, his mouth quivered, then he turned and went out of the room.

She was standing at the window when a knock sounded on the door, and she called "Come in." It was Hilda, an elderly servant whom Mrs. Durrant had managed to keep with her throughout the war. Camilla pulled herself back from the mental journey she was taking with John.

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You Can't Thin

DIXON

FAR be it from me to say that my wife, Helen, makes a habit of sticking her nose into my business. She doesn't. With her it's more of a pastime. And one at which she is peculiarly adept.

Not that she knows anything about running an airline. Her knowledge of aviation is confined strictly to the color of a pilot's eyes and whether or not a stewardess bleaches her hair.

Which is why I was surprised when she brought a little woman flier, Ann Griffin, into my office one afternoon. Helen's meddling, up to that point, had been confined to the straightening out of romantic problems of the airline personnel. But this was going to be different. I sensed that the minute they walked through the door.

Helen sat down near the corner of the desk, and introduced me to Ann Griffin. Miss Griffin sat directly opposite me, tense and nervous. She was a little thing, with soft auburn-brown hair and big brown eyes.

Helen said sweetly, "I didn't think you would mind, darling, if I interrupted you for a few minutes with a business matter."

I said, "Not at all. Anything I can do—"

Helen leaned over the desk, her eyes dancing. "But that's it. You can do a lot. Ann, here, is a pilot. She's really a wonderful flier. She was just flying—" She paused

and frowned at Miss Griffin. "What was it you were doing last?"

Miss Griffin informed me, "I was with the WASP, until it was disbanded. At the last I was delivering four-engine Liberators and Fortresses."

"Really? Quite a job for a girl your size," I said.

Helen said indignantly, "There you go, considering her sex."

I blinked at her. "I don't understand. What has sex—"

"Got to do with it?" Helen finished for me and added, "A lot, Sam. I happen to know you've been combing the country for co-pilots, so I got you one. Ann is willing to work for you."

So that was it. I felt as if I'd been hit in the face. A woman pilot on my line? Over my dead body!

I told Miss Griffin firmly, "I appreciate your offer—we do need pilots badly—but the physical requirements—"

She interrupted, "I took my last physical two days ago. Passed it A-1."

"Hmmm. Very good. However, there is the airline rating to consider."

"I've had an airline certificate for

Mason was gazing quizzically at Ann as they walked together from the plane.

six years, including almost every rating except seaplane." She leaned toward me almost pleadingly. "Look, Mr. Taylor, flying is a business with me. I have over three thousand hours. Some of the best pilots in the Ferry Command I taught to fly. Really, I am sure that if you forgot my sex and your natural prejudices and gave me a trial—"

Like a fool, I interrupted by saying, "Now, look here; I'm not prejudiced at all. I don't care who flies my planes, men or women, as long as they do a good job of it."

Helen beamed at me. "Then," she said, "it's settled." She turned to Miss Griffin. "All you have to do is make good. Sam claims he isn't prejudiced, so he has to give you a chance." She looked at me and asked slyly, "Haven't you, dear?"

I glared at her, then flipped on the office interphone to Personnel, Flight, and said, "Stewart? Sam Taylor. A new pilot coming down to your office. Miss Ann Griffin."

Stewart screamed, "Did you say Miss?"

"I did. Sign her up on that thirty-day trial contract, introduce her to the gang and turn her over to McEwen when his flight comes in. Tell him I want a thorough instrument check with emphasis on radio orientation. I'll expect a full report by to-morrow afternoon."

I turned away from the interphone and told Miss Griffin, "You'll find my secretary just outside the door. Tell her to take you down to Personnel." I shook hands with her and said, "Good luck," and thought: Sister, you'll need it before that gang is through with you.

Miss Griffin was on the verge of tears. She thanked me over and over again, kissed Helen's cheek and rushed out of the office. I glared at Helen.

She patted my cheek. "You're really sweet, Sam."

"Look," I said, "this is carrying interference in my business a little too far. We have no rule against women pilots, but we don't want them, even if they could make the grade, which she won't."

"I think she will."
"Bunk! A pretty face and nice legs won't get her by McEwen's eagle eye. He's the best chief pilot on any line."
"Then how about having Mason Price test her?"

I had to chuckle at that. Mason

was the Romeo of the line, the lady-killer. But even so, I didn't think Miss Griffin was his type.

I said, "She won't make the grade with any of them. Where did you meet her, anyhow?"

"Oh, at the luncheon club. She was lecturing on women's part in aviation and I felt sorry for her."

"Sorry for her?"

"Of course, dear. Poor child. She seemed so forlorn." Helen sighed and pecked my cheek. "Well, I must run. There is a new fur coat I am dying to see."

"Now wait. Who said who was going to buy you a fur coat?"

"You are," she said. "If Miss Griffin turns out satisfactorily, don't you think it would be worth at least a fur coat?"

"All right." I started to grin. "It's a deal."

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Days and Nights

CAPTAIN SABUROV, young veteran of the Russian war, has succeeded in capturing three apartment houses in besieged Stalingrad in the orders of MAJOR-GENERAL PROTSENKO.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BABCHENKO, interpreting too literally a command not to retreat, forces Saburov and his battalion to attempt the recapture of a building in daylight. The attack fails, and Babchenko is killed. Saburov and his orderly, PETYA, bring his body back to headquarters.

Saburov rests, and is awakened by ANYA, a nurse, whom he has met several times previously. He realizes that he is in love with her.

A counter-attack at night wins back the lost building, after which Saburov goes with two soldiers on a reconnaissance, leaving his Chief of Staff, MASLENNIKOV, in charge of his command post. A bomb bursts, killing the two soldiers and burying Saburov underneath a pile of bricks.

Now read on—

SILENCE was all around him. This was the first thing Saburov noticed. Not the low talking of the wounded lying on cots around him, nor the broken breathing of some who were dying, nor the tapping of the nurses' boots, nothing could break his awareness of silence.

Maybe it was because this was a hospital and there were many white sheets and dressing-gowns, so that silence itself seemed white to Saburov.

The silence had lasted already for eight days. It seemed to him it would have no end and nothing could break it. Beyond the window fell the first wet, heavy snow of autumn, and it, too, was as white as the silence.

His body still hurt, but it hurt quietly. He had been brought here from the other side of the river, literally covered with bruises and heavy contusions. Now he was getting better. This was written on his medical chart. But how this had all happened, how he had remained alive, no one seemed to know.

Saburov himself remembered only how the bricks had fallen on to him, and how he had then begun to move them, but nothing more. The feelings of terror, of helplessness, of physical pain which he had lived through no longer troubled him as he got better.

The silence standing heavy over the hospital was, perhaps, the best medicine and just what Saburov now needed. During the last weeks in Stalingrad he had done so much commanding, yelling, running, quarrelling, that it was pleasant for him to say nothing, and he passed for the most taciturn patient in the ward.

Even on the eighth day, in the morning, when Anya ran into the ward with light, quiet steps and slipped between the rows of cots to sit down at his feet, he still did not want to talk. He just lay there looking at her nice, tired face, at her arms lying quietly on her knees, at her eyes which were gazing at him.

For the first minute, she, too, said nothing. Then she exploded with conversation, all at once and about everything. First of all she told him



Saburov kissed her hand, trying to put into words all that was in his heart.

"Yes," said Saburov. "I sat up to-day and I even tried to walk." They were both silent. Then she said: "Do you know, mother's here, too."

"You told me once before," Saburov said, as if remembering something very long ago. "Here, in this village?"

"Yes, I told her about you. She wanted to come to-day, but I came alone."

"Just what did you tell her about me?"

"Everything." She said this "everything" in such a way that Saburov felt she had probably told a great deal.

He hitched himself up on the pillow with his elbows.

course, it's so," she repeated firmly, as if she were afraid he might disagree.

"Yes," he said. "I wanted to say that. You guessed my thoughts."

"I know what I'm going to do," she said, still looking straight at him. "They gave me a leave to-day for the entire day. I'll take you away from here."

"Take me away? Where?"

"To mother's. You'll get well from now on faster there. Mother will look after you, and I, when I'm home. I'll be leaving every evening, and at night I will move the wounded, but from the morning on I'll look after you."

"And when will you sleep?" Saburov asked with a smile.

"Later, when you have grown well again."

By KONSTANTINE SIMONOV

"Dear," Anya said, putting both her hands on his shoulders but at the same time holding him back. "Dear," she repeated.

He took one of her hands from his shoulder and kissed it for a long time. She blushed, but she did not take her hand away.

"Anya," he said. He suddenly felt that so much had piled up in his heart that if he did not tell her now about his love, he would talk about it afterwards to the nurse, to the doctor, to the first person coming up to him.

"Anya, if it weren't for the war..." He wanted to say that if it weren't for the war he would take her far away from here at once and never again let her go.

"If it weren't for the war we would never have met each other, no? Of

course, it's so," she repeated firmly, as if she were afraid he might disagree. "Yes," he said. "I wanted to say that. You guessed my thoughts."

"I know what I'm going to do," she said, still looking straight at him. "They gave me a leave to-day for the entire day. I'll take you away from here."

"Take me away? Where?"

Epic of the defence of Stalingrad

and radiant smile that Saburov smiled back at him before he knew it. Then he closed his eyes. It seemed to him it might be easier to wait for Anya's return that way. He lay and thought about this firmly, stubbornly, and endlessly.

Anya, meanwhile, had made her way to another part of the same school building that was now being used as a hospital. In a little room on the lower floor, she was standing in front of the head doctor.

The head doctor was a little man, heavy-set and almost fat, with a bright red face and black eyebrows and moustache. He was a good surgeon, and in his time he had saved a great many people, but he considered it almost his duty to declare on every possible occasion that he regarded the entire science of medicine with deep scepticism.

In actual fact, he was a sensitive man, with a somewhat shy nature. But Anya did not know this, and he seemed to her, by consequence, the man least capable of listening to and understanding what she now wanted to say to him.

So when she walked in to him boldly, she clenched her fists in her determination to blurt out what she wanted to say.

"Nikolai Petrovich," she said, before she had crossed the threshold. "I have a favor to ask of you. There is here... a certain captain, Captain Saburov..."

"Saburov? Ah, yes, I remember him. With contusions. Well?"

"He is getting better."

"Quite possible. Very glad to hear it. Well, so what?"

"My mother is living here in the village..."

"I'm glad to hear that, too. But what has that got to do with it?"

"I am asking you," Anya said, raising her eyes to him. "I want to take him home with us while he is getting well."

Her eyes were now so bright, and they demanded consideration so eloquently, that the chief doctor was unusually impressed.

"I want to take him home with us. I beg of you..."

"Why?" he asked her in a serious voice.

"It will be better for him there."

"Why?"

"It will be better for him there," Anya repeated stubbornly. "I know that it will be better for him. I beg it of you."

"What is he, your relative?"

"No, but... this is very important to me. I can't get along without it. I want to be with him," she said desperately.

The head doctor considered it quite in the order of things that there should be a little romance between his nurses and the orderlies and patients. But this was the first time that anyone had approached him with such a direct and frank request.

He suddenly remembered something far away in space and time, something left behind him in Irkutsk. There were his home, his children, and the wife he had loved with great tenderness from the days when he had been a student. These were subjects he preferred never to talk about with anyone at all. The tone of this conversation, its unexpectedness, and most of all the way Anya looked at him, disturbed him.

He had to decide the fate of two human beings. This much was clear. So it would be impossible to say, "Let's wait and see how he feels," or "You know it's against the rules," or "I'll have to think about this." He knew he could say only "yes" or "no" and he said: "Yes, that will be all right."

The conversation had turned out to be unexpectedly short. Neither he nor Anya, as a matter of fact, had anything else to say, especially Anya, who had been steeling herself for a rebuff. She stood in complete silence, confused, for half a minute, and then without thanking him quietly walked out.

Please turn to page 23



Always look for the name . . .

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ON UNDERWEAR

So you like Dancing?

By LARRY BOYS

I AM not one of those chaps who are just naturally cynical about women. And I'm not one of the sort who are just naturally cynical about dancing. But when it comes to women-and-dancing, then—I'm just cynical.

It seems to me that women attend dances for a variety of reasons—none of them a clean, healthy love of dancing.

After years of careful observation (and bitter experience) I've come to the conclusion that the average woman goes dancing because—

- She knows she looks her best in evening dress.
- It automatically and continually increases her circle of male acquaintances.
- It is a convenient, cheap, and easy method of making her escort jealous and possessive, which is, after all, the ultimate aim of all women.

If there's anything quite so irritating as a girl-friend who "loves dancing," you tell me.

She wheedles you into taking her to a dance, saying it's a free-and-easy affair, and not to wear anything special.

You turn up to meet her in sports coat and flannels, and find she's arrayed in the latest thing in full-length backless evening gowns. The tickets turn out to be 15/6 each.

With everyone in evening dress except yourself, you stand round feeling like the skeleton at the feast, or the Red Death at the Masque.

While you are standing there swallowing your Adam's apple and trying to rally your deflated ego, she is snapped up by a rakish-looking squadron-leader.

This sort of thing goes on for four or five dances until, in sheer, panicky desperation, you muster up sufficient courage to ask for a dance.

Once on the floor with her, you begin to feel better. It is a dreamy-slow waltz, your favorite, a dance at which you've always considered yourself something of an expert.

You get all set to forget the tuxedos and starched shirts, and to

glide effortlessly round to the haunting melody as only you know how.

The whole thing, however, is rendered completely hollow by your fair partner waving enthusiastically to everyone she knows, or thinks she knows, which includes practically the whole company.

As the evening wears on, her policy becomes quite plain. When it's a jazz-waltz, a tango, or a nice slow fox-trot, all of which you specialise in, you look round for her in time to see her drift coolly away in the arms of a sinking, Valentino type.

When, however, those ghastly energetic things come on—Gipsy Tap, Pride of Erin, Military Two-Step, and whatnot—she insists on your getting up and leaping round until your shirt is positively glued to your back.

She can then say, with the wide-eyed frankness of a clear conscience, that she's danced at least half the numbers with you.

* Then there's the girl who nurses a secret ambition to be a "hepcat" or whatever you call it.

The most she's ever likely to admit to you is that she "just loves dancing." So you do the decent thing and take her dancing as often as your slender finances will permit.

Jive-hungry

AS you dance round the floor with her in your sedate, tranquil fashion, she gazes soulfully at you with a look of sweet innocence, which completely cloaks the boiling frustration which seethes in her jive-hungry bosom.

Later, however, she takes you over and introduces you to one of her girl-friends. While you are saying "Hello," she whispers in your ear:

"Give Judy this dance, darling, she's a bit lonely, I think."

"You don't mind?" You are vaguely nonplussed at this exhibition of impulsive generosity between the catty sex.

"Of course not, dear. I'll sit this one out. I'm a little tired, anyhow."

So away you go with wallflower Judy. You are sailing round, dutifully undemonstrative, when a little cyclone whisks you out of the crowd, bounces off you at a flying tangent and hurries away in a snarling frenzy of thrashing arms and legs.

Dimly you remember having seen that transfigured, rapturous face before somewhere.

Now, where was it? Was it the woman to whom you rendered first-aid when she went into a fit on the ferry? No. Was it—no, you can't place her.

Crashing its way through the throng of dancing couples comes the jitterbugging cyclone again.

Timidly you edge little Judy aside to allow them to pass, but as they draw level they come to a sort of mobile halt and begin to twist and gyrate and perform incredible gym-



YOU DANCE with wallflower Judy, while your girl-friend jitterbugs with a sailor.

nastics for the benefit of a gaping circle which has formed round them.

You watch, fascinated, a performance which would turn West African natives green with envy. For a split second they freeze into an impossible, tangled tableau, and the girl's face comes into focus.

Slowly recognition dawns upon you. The hair on the back of your neck rises in horror, and your eyes are stony with disbelief.

Stiffing a bitter, unmanly sob, you turn away, broken in spirit.

It is your girl-friend in the arms of a jive-happy sailor.



YOUR PARTNER insists on leaving enthusiastically to everyone she thinks she knows.



* then I found Griffnette...

Like every girl who has ever planned a trousseau, I thought a lot about my honeymoon lingerie... it had to be perfect—and it had to be the very best. So I hunted everywhere, determined to find something really exciting... then I found "GRIFFNETTE"... and a lovely nightie, a slip and a pair of scanties took pride of place in my honeymoon trousseau.

Lovely Daphne Campbell, co-starring with "Chips" Rafferty and Peter Pagan in "THE OVERLANDERS," Australia's most ambitious motion picture.

Griffnette Lingerie is obtainable in fractional fittings from 12 to 20. Supplies not plentiful, but worth waiting for.

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For HONEYMOON HANDS

New job for No. 1 airman

● Australia's No. 1 airman in wartime, Air-Marshal R. ("Dicky") Williams, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., now becomes No. 1 airman in peace as the new Director-General of Civil Aviation.

HE brings to his new job a forceful personality, gracious and charming manner, remarkable memory, plus a knowledge of aviation accumulated since he first flew a plane in 1914.

He has supreme faith in the future of air travel and transport in Australia, visualising revolutionary changes in the lives of country people because of easier contact with cities.

"Australian airmen," he said in an interview, "are the finest fellows in the world. In civil flying, as in wartime, they will prove themselves second to none."

The new director does not think ease wartime pilots will find civilian flying boring.

"It's all very well dodging fighters and flak when you are a young chap, but as you get on a bit you are glad enough of the comparative calm of civil flying," he said.

Tall and keen-eyed, Australia's No. 1 airman is such a typical product of his country that a high-ranking R.A.F. officer once described him as "almost smelling of a bush-fire, he is so completely Australian in everything he does."

Before taking over his duties as head of Australia's civil aviation, Air-Marshal Williams has spent several weeks in England and a month in the United States finalising affairs of the R.A.A.F., of which he has been senior officer since its formation 25 years ago.

Once a bank clerk

BORN in the small, copper-mining township of Moonta, in South Australia, the future aviation director began his career as a clerk in the Union Bank.

While in the bank he joined the Militia, and by December, 1912, he had passed examinations for the permanent forces and was gazetted a Lieutenant in the Australian Staff Corps, then called the Administrative and Instructional Staff.

First time he saw a plane in flight was in 1913.

Inspired by this wonderful sight, the 22-year-old soldier wasted no time in learning to fly himself.

He was the first pilot trained at Point Cook, gaining his pilot's certificate in November, 1914.

Stirring years followed for the young pilot. As a member of No. 1 Squadron of the Australian Flying Corps during the 1914-18 War, part of his job was to escort Lawrence of Arabia.

His exploits resulted in a steady flow of decorations. He holds the C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and the Arabian Order of El Nhadat of the Hedjaz.

While in command of "C" Flight at Point Cook, the young aviator showed, among his other qualities, an amazing memory.

He knew the regimental number of practically every man in his command.

This faculty has been of enormous use to Air-Marshal Williams in his tremendous job during World War II.



AIR-MARSHAL R. WILLIAMS, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., recently appointed Director-General of Civil Aviation.

When war broke out in 1939, he was Air Officer in charge of Administration, Coastal Command, R.A.F. in England. Later, he returned to Australia as a member of the Air Board, when he had the enormous responsibility of organising and setting up the training establishment to meet the requirements of the Empire Air Training Scheme.

Tough and wiry, he was able to shoulder all the work his country liked to give him, including the establishment of R.A.A.F. overseas headquarters in London and heading the Australian Air Mission to Washington.

WHEN Air-Marshal Williams wants to emphasise a point he clenches his teeth, then bares them, and when he has made up his mind about something and does not intend to change it, he can look surprisingly grim.

He would adopt this unflinching attitude whenever

questions concerning the welfare and status of R.A.A.F. personnel serving with the R.A.F. during the war were concerned.

It was he who upheld firmly the Australian view that Dominion airmen trained under the Empire Training Scheme should be formed into their own squadrons so that the identity of their air forces would not be lost.

The opposing view was that they should be drafted into R.A.F. squadrons.

Never a man to seek popularity by any cheap or easy means, Air-Marshal Williams has always shown

such inflexible fairness that every man under his command respected him.

L. W. Sutherland, in his book, "Aces and Kings," wrote that when Dicky Williams ordered a man to be punished members of No. 1 Squadron would say: "Well, he must have been guilty or Dicky would not have crimed him."

Air-Marshal Williams acknowledges the skill of women aviators, but says he prefers to see civil airliners piloted by men.

"It is not that women could not handle these craft. Nowadays big planes are so well balanced and constructed that no particular strength is needed by the pilot," he said.

"But I want to see men in those jobs because they have families to support."

"As for my general opinion of women—I can only say they are the better half of the human race."

"I tremble to think what the air would be like if people ran private autogiros as they now run private motor cars. When I look at the way most people drive cars I wonder what they might do in the air," commented the Air-Marshal.

Taking up a new post at 55 years of age does not daunt this dynamic man, eager to put into practice all he knows of civil aviation.

His knowledge of civil aviation in Australia dates back to its earliest days, and he has travelled extensively as a passenger by civil air service all over the world.

He has investigated closely the French, Dutch, and German air services, as well as those in Britain and America.

As head of the Australian Air Mission in Washington he had a unique opportunity to examine the organisation and functioning of huge air transport services in America, where aviation is in its most advanced form.

There's plenty of work for our boys in Japan

BCOF is big experiment in co-operation

By DOROTHY DRAIN, our special correspondent in Japan

When your soldier sends home a photo, or writes of the cherry-blossom season in Japan, don't forget he is doing a job of work for BCOF and is not enjoying the postwar tourist season.

The words "Occupation Force" have a comfortable sound, which is misleading. The job is a huge spring cleaning that started in the winter and is still going on.

CLEANING up this area with its devastated industrial cities is a labor of Hercules. By now there are 22,000 troops in the area comprising the prefectures of Hiroshima, Shimane, and Yamaguchi, which covers 58,500 square miles (nearly three-quarters the area of Victoria).

All the time, ships are arriving with more troops to bring the full strength of the Force to 40,000.

Australians did a big share in the initial work. Like the British, New Zealanders, and Indians, they don't get much time for sightseeing.

Troops are housed in naval barracks and warehouses among the ruins, and all over the area wherever you go building and repairing is in progress beside roofless shells of stone and wood.

You hear a lot of stories about confusion. There certainly has been the confusion inseparable from early conditions, when there were not enough men for the job.

As more troops and supplies come, things are straightening out.

Some units have better conditions than others, though none are enjoying luxury. Amenities are improving, but have a long way to go.

"There's nothing to do here," "Much better than the islands," "I'm enjoying myself all right," different men say. Take your pick.

The Australian 34th Brigade has its headquarters at Kaitachi, 12 miles from Kure. It is a collection of wooden barracks on rather bleak, reclaimed land by the seashore, with a background of hills.

Two of the three battalions are mainly on repatriation work. They are the 65th and 67th. The 68th Battalion's job is guarding headquarters.

It's good to see the Australian slouch hat worn properly, turned up at the side, alongside the uni-

forms of other countries.

This BCOF is a big experiment in co-operation. Brass hats and other ranks from four countries work together.

It is an odd sight in the bake-house at the supply unit to see an Indian baker, in white nightshirt and white chef's cap, throw a salute to a colonel, while Australian lads knead dough nearby.

There are 7,000,000 Japs in the area, so there is plenty of Japanese labor, which is paid by the Japanese Government.

House boys and girls get 100 yen per month, about £2.

Some Japs are skilled tradesmen and very efficient. Others, such as laborers, need continual supervision, which is complicated by the language difficulty.

Apart from language differences there are any number of dialects and accents.

I drove with a lad from the Midlands, who talked like Stanley Holloway and told me what a cunning fighter "Johnny Garkha" was.

You don't get time to learn Japanese, but you can catch up on the accents, dialogues, and specialised slang.

Australian food

AT the supply depot all food for the force comes from Australia, and is distributed by train and truck to units.

Japanese refrigerator engineers on the job formerly kept the Jap Navy's food cold.

A 16-year-old Jap took us in a goods lift to the third floor storehouse. He dislikes being called "liftboy," prefers "elevator attendant."

Naturally a close watch is kept on stores, as food is so valuable. There is a certain amount of pilfering and damage.

Nevertheless, in the houses there is no stealing.

Knock wood, I haven't locked a suitcase since I came here. If I leave a piece of chocolate for the housegirl, she won't take it unless it is put in her hands.

The Japanese are very frightened of their police, but they must have an innate honesty also, surely, since they leave each other's vegetable patches strictly alone.

One day recently we visited Kaitachi, and from there drove on through Hiroshima to Ujini, where we watched an Australian platoon supervising the guarding of a Japanese repatriation centre.

It was good to see a handful of Australian guards overseeing a Jap establishment of about 150 Jap workers—doctors, nurses, repatriation officials, laborers—and a thousand or more Formosan repatriates.

"We don't have any trouble," a young Australian lieutenant told me. "Of course there are some complaints, mainly about food, which is an old grouch."



CHERRY BLOSSOM decks a jeep serving as grandstand for, L. to R., Dr. Ray Duncan (Coburg, Vic.), Cpl. Allen Davis (Bondi, N.S.W.), Sigs. John Sheather (Enfield, N.S.W.), Tom Parker (Darlinghurst), Fred Winsor (Pambula, N.S.W.), at Sunday Australian Rules match on sports ground near Kure.

"But repatriates are better fed while in quarantine than the civilians outside."

Occasionally this young man, who formerly worked in a bank in Queensland, gets odd problems to settle among the Formosan repatriates with young couples who plan marriage on reaching Formosa, sometimes a Formosan man and a Japanese girl.

One day, an irate Japanese mother arrived on the lieutenant's doorstep. Her daughter had run away with a Formosan and she wanted the marriage prevented.

"I looked stern and said, 'Come back to-morrow,'" said the lieutenant, "then I made some inquiries about the official position."

"There was apparently no official reason for preventing the marriage. So next day I called the three parties together and told them: through an interpreter this was something they must settle themselves."

"The upshot was, after a long argument, that the mother went away weeping, but agreed to let the romance take its course."

"The young pair were here for 14 days' quarantine period, and smiled and bowed every time I passed them."

A trainload of 320 Formosans arrived from Tokio while we were at Ujini.

Their papers were checked, their luggage, clothing, and bodies sprayed with D.D.T., everyone—including babies—was vaccinated, and they settled into a two-storied, wooden barracks for 14 days, when they would leave by sea from Ujini for Formosa.

The women were rather well dressed in trousers and jackets or kimonos. They had good quality luggage, also.

The young men all wore Legion of China badges. The Australians were a trifle sceptical as to whether they would have worn these badges had Japan won the war.

Not far away, on the island of Ninoshima, batches of Japanese repatriates from Manchuria and China come in by sea.

Returning prisoners are con-



FORMOSANS and their luggage arriving at repatriation centre, Ujini, are sprayed with DDT powder. Sgt. Bob Freegard (Kingsford, Qld.) and Pte. Arthur Zimmerle (Mt. Morgan, Qld.) are members of the Australian platoon which supervises guarding of the centre.

cerned about their families, but apparently are not ostracised on their return to their villages.

Another repatriation task of the Australians is that of the 65th Battalion, members of which travel as guards on a 17-hour train journey, taking repatriates from Fukuyama in the north-east to the south-west tip of Honshu, thence through a submarine train tunnel to the island of Kyushu.

These repatriates include home-ward-bound Koreans.

Incidentally, whereas all Japs are frightened of their own police, the position here is reversed, as the police are frightened of the Koreans.

The barracks we visited at Ujini were formerly a rayon factory.

Boys of the unit sometimes go

to the local Jap cinema for amusement.

Sgt. Bob Freegard (Kingsford, Qld.), said: "We don't always see the show out. Some are easier to follow than others."

"Sometimes we go to Jap vaudeville shows, where there are extra good jugglers. All Jap children can juggle."

As amenities improve, the boys will have more organised amusement.

Geisha houses are out of bounds to troops.

Fraternisation is something you simply do not see on the surface.

You do not see troops talking to Jap girls in the streets.

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DOROTHY DRAIN, our special correspondent in Japan. The back-cloth is a Japanese scroll meaning "Good luck." Similar ones hang in an alcove in every Japanese house, reserved for a possible visit of the Emperor.

Editorial

MAY 11, 1946

MOTHER'S DAY

ON Mother's Day all the family bring gifts and flowers and compliments to the homemaker. It's not that they appreciate her any more than usual on that day; it's just that they show it.

Mothers are touched by these signs of affection from those they love best. Being mothers, they are easily pleased—in fact, too easily pleased.

Though they could expect so much more than they get, most of them have long since arrived at the blessedness of expecting nothing.

A more worthy tribute to mother would be to make Mother's Day the first day of Mother's Week and let that be a week off from housekeeping.

Many mothers have forgotten what it feels like to have even a day off. In the majority of homes the only time mother doesn't work is when she is so ill that a doctor has forbidden her to get out of bed.

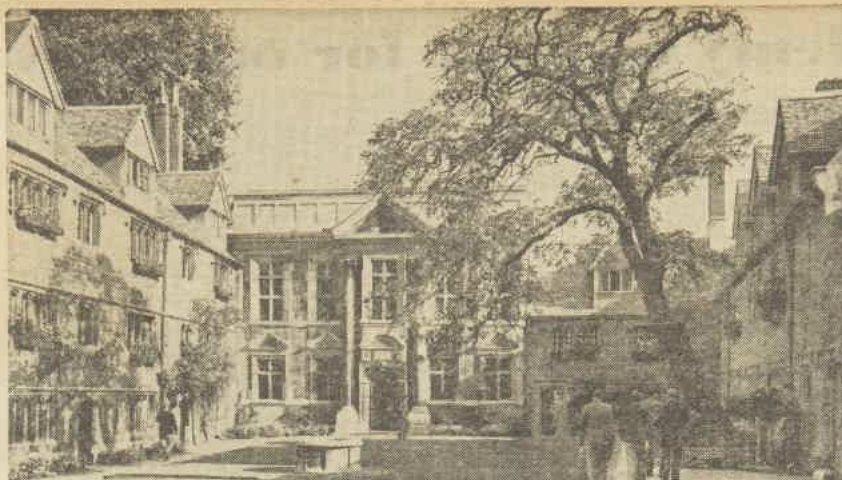
And then what a pother occurs!

All the family, stricken with remorse and apprehension, rally round and somehow manage to fit in a few extra chores each to keep the home going and get mother well again.

What a wonderful break it would be for her if they made that special effort for a week when she was well!

Mother's Week could then mean a matinee or two, some leisurely window gazing and unhurried shopping, a rest for the string-bag arm, and a few meals cooked by someone else.

Few mothers would care what they tasted like!



THE SERENE BEAUTY of Oxford is typified in this picture of the quadrangle of St. Edmund's Hall. Many Australians are now studying at Oxford, some of them ex-servicemen.

Australian students settle in at Oxford University

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

The Australian uniform, for so long now a familiar sight in England, has practically disappeared, but there is one city that will remain a stronghold of Australians for many years to come.

This is Oxford, one of the loveliest cities of England and the traditional centre of the academic life of the country.

PRACTICALLY every college at the University numbers Australians among its members, and some of the most important posts are held by Australians.

On one of the first days of spring I visited the city to meet some of them.

Outstanding among the senior Australians at the University is Professor Carlton Kemp Allen, Warden of Rhodes House. I made my way through the narrow, winding streets of the city in a very streamlined taxi to see him.

Rhodes House is one of the most modern buildings in the University, but it retains the air of dignity and solidity common to all the colleges.

The Warden is a quiet, grey-haired man, 59 years of age. From Sydney University he came to New College, Oxford. In 1931, after a distinguished career at the Bar, he was appointed Warden.

As Warden he is mentor and guide to the young Australians who have been awarded Rhodes Scholarships, and under the new, war-induced conditions it looks as though his charming, motherly wife will become the guide and confidante of the "Rhodes" wives.

The majority of the Australian Rhodes scholars at Oxford are married and have their wives with them. The unprecedented situation of married undergraduates has created many problems.

Oxford, like all English towns, has a housing shortage, and the situation has become so serious that the University will not allow undergraduates to bring their wives from other countries to Oxford unless they can guarantee accommodation.

Another problem for the married men is that all lectures and tutorial work at the University are based on

the assumption that the men live in college, so whatever accommodation they do find for their wives must be close to the University.

Mr. "Jika" Travers, of Sydney, who has his wife, Margaret, and Susan, his two-year-old daughter, with him, told me they live about seven minutes from the centre of the University.

"Everyone here seems to think that's a very long way," he said, "but after travelling from Collaroy (out beyond Manly) to Sydney University every day it seems next door to me."

"Jika" was discharged from the A.I.F. as a major, to take up his 1940 Rhodes Scholarship. He is doing a B.A. degree in Philosophy, Politics, and Economics, and hopes to stay in England for some time after completing his course.

Wants "Blue"

HE is playing Rugby in the University team, and his ambition is the same as that of every other player—to get his "Blue" by playing in the Oxford-Cambridge match.

Another married man is Michael Thwaites, the young Australian poet, who was at Oxford before the war. He joined the Royal Navy, and has now returned to complete his course, bringing with him his wife and three children.

Most senior Australian Rhodes Scholars is Lieutenant-Colonel John Chinner, of Melbourne, who won his scholarship in 1939. He was in the Australian Forestry Service before the war, and is now studying for a B.Sc. and D.Phil.

His wife arrived in England only about a month ago to join her husband.

One man, Alan Treloar, has solved the problem of accommodation for himself and wife quite simply. They are both undergraduates, so they both

live in college, he at New College, she at St. Hilda's Women's College.

Mrs. Treloar was formerly Bronnie Griffin Taylor, of Melbourne, and both she and her husband were diplomatic cadets working in Canberra, where they were married.

The general opinion of Australians at Oxford seems to be that the allowances for scholarships are not sufficient to live on. The Rhodes Scholars have the biggest grant—£400 a year sterling—but all agree that it is not possible to make the most out of their opportunity without spending at least £450 a year.

Alan McBriar, Melbourne, was most emphatic on this point when I saw him in his rooms at Balliol College. He is a lecturer in history at Melbourne University on leave from the University to take his Doctorate of Philosophy in History at Oxford.

He won the Aitchison Travelling Scholarship, but this is far from covering his necessary expenses. The scholarship is worth £350—about half the money necessary when converted to sterling.

The old complaint that a prophet has no honor in his own country is forcibly brought home to anyone who talks to these young men for long.

There are not many of them who plan to return to Australia. Not because they want to stay away. Most of them are already rather homesick for the sunshine and easy spaciousness of Australian life and the friends they left behind them.

But one and all say that there are far better opportunities for them if they stay in England.

Australian universities need more lecturers, tutors, instructors. Our standards of education are as high in most subjects as any in the world, but the student achieves that standard under difficulties.

All these men had nothing but praise for the Oxford system that allows about one instructor to twenty student: instead of one to two hundred, as in Australia.

Australians hold some of the most highly qualified posts in Oxford. There is a crop of highly intelligent, hard-working young Australians at present qualifying for work that could benefit the whole country—yet one and all doubt the willingness of their country to offer them jobs.

A visit to Oxford is a delightful experience, but it is a depressing one in many respects when one considers this problem.

Interesting People



MR. C. M. CROFT

... trade with Canada

TO encourage trade between Canada and Australia Mr. C. M. Croft recently arrived from Ottawa to take up his appointment as Commercial Counsellor, Office of Canadian High Commissioner, Canberra. He will become Acting High Commissioner on the retirement of Mr. Justice Davis on May 15. Was Canada's wartime director of commercial intelligence service and first chairman of Canadian Export Board. Says, "Everywhere in Canada there is keen interest in reciprocal trade with Australia."



MISS E. C. BATHER

... heads 150 policewomen

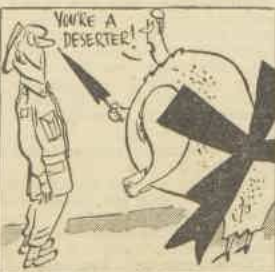
FIRST chief-inspector of women police appointed to Scotland Yard is former W.A.A.F. Group Officer, trim, attractive Miss E. C. Bather, who heads 150 policewomen. Volunteering for W.A.A.F. in 1939, she was later loaned to Royal Canadian Air Force to assist form their women's services. In recent nation-wide recruiting campaign for women police, Scotland Yard said, "No glamor girls need apply." Women provosts from Services are being encouraged to join civil police force when demobilised. Applicants must be physically fit and unmarried.



MR. E. J. BEARD

... orchids from everywhere

NOTED authority on orchids is 80-year-old Mr. E. J. Beard of Paddington, Queensland, founder of Queensland Orchid Society, which has membership of 200. In hot-houses at his home he has countless orchids from England, Java, Malaya, Borneo, New Guinea, North Queensland, and Mexico. A Fox color film of his collection was shown in America. He is now awaiting shipment of 200 Cattleyas from England.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Bee-keepers travel far in search of blossom

Their migratory farming is often a gamble

By BETTY WILKINSON

Hundreds of migratory bee-farmers travel anything up to 30,000 miles each year in Australia in search of nectar-bearing blossom for their bees to feast upon.

These are men who have no fixed home site for their bee-farms; but, hearing news of blossom, travel with their bees to wherever it is.

It takes them years to learn all they need to know, and probably no group of men has a wider knowledge of when and where native flowers bloom.

Migratory bee-farmers have plenty of heartbreaks.

Word may pass round that the yellow box in a certain area is in full bud, that soon blossom should be ready for the bees.

And so a farmer moves himself, his bees, his whole elaborate outfit to that spot, only to find that the buds have failed to bloom, or that the blossom has been ruined by rain.

There is no golden feast for his precious bees, no money for him.

He can only cut his losses, enter the whole expensive journey on the debit side of his accounts, and move on again.

I heard both the good side and the hard side of this life of the roads from Mr. C. J. Melton, of Rydstone, N.S.W., who has lived it for 15 years and is still enthusiastic.

He stood in a rich, green valley in the Kandra district, New South Wales, gazing over stacks of 60lb tins of honey ready to be trucked away from Adaminaby to the city.

"This year is the first time I have brought my bees on to this snow-gum country," he said. "The yield is simply wonderful, so good, in fact, that it will make up for the small fortune I lost down on the Riverina through the Rutherglen Bug."

"I was out spotting, that is, looking for nectar-bearing blossom, because my bees had had their fill of pollen from the purple Paterson's Curse flowers."

"That gave them all the necessary proteins and they were ready for the nectar."

Great gathering

As soon as I saw this magnificent snow-gum blossom I sent word to my outfit, and here we are.

"I passed on the good news to some of my fellow bee-farmers as well. That is how we work. One of us spots the nectar and then we let the others know."

"Soon 30 of us had moved up here and put our bees to work. We must have about 20,000 hives among us."

"The record for this visit was the gathering of 73 60lb. tins of honey in seven days at Adaminaby from 73 hives."

As Mr. Melton talked he moved about from hive to hive, quite unconcerned about the swarms of bees round him.

I watched him, fascinated, and not at all happy about the bees myself, especially when one got into my hair and set up a frenzied buzzing.

However, expert hands soon got it out, and Mr. Melton said:

"I've long ceased to mind their stings. I get as many as 200 in a day sometimes. Guess by now I am thoroughly immunised."

It usually takes about three weeks before the nectar is exhausted," Mr. Melton told me. "Then it is time to move on again."

"We can never plan anything ahead. Our entire lives are ruled by the honey-flow."

"An area that may have given us a rich harvest one year may be no use again for honey for another two years. It is all chance."

QUEEN BEE cells being inspected by Mr. C. J. Melton.



SNOW-GUM TREES in the mountain country round Kandra and Adaminaby, N.S.W., which provided a rich harvest of honey for migratory bee-farmers this season.



RIGHT: Investigating the progress of a colony of bees in one of his modern frame hives are Mr. C. J. Melton, Rydstone, N.S.W., and Mr. Alan Kinnell, Uranginty, N.S.W.

"Only very seldom does one district yield honey two years running."

"It is this element of chance that makes migratory bee-farming a bad proposition for the beginner."

"Once a man has 100 hives, though, it is worth his while to get a truck and take to the road."

Mr. Melton has two four-and-a-half ton trucks and a utility to house his 1200 hives and all the camping gear.

These were parked under beautiful gums with a crystal stream nearby. A cheery fire was burning in a huge open-air fireplace and over it cauldrons and pots were boiling.

"There are eight men working with me. We all take a turn at pretty well everything, including the cooking and other camp chores."

"Three of the men with me are trained to do any job with the bees."

"The most skilful job is uncapping the wax combs."

"When the combs are full the wax has to be wiped off with a hollow knife, heated by steam."

"Then the honey is extracted and the comb put back."

One of Mr. Melton's team is Alan Kinnell, of Uranginty, N.S.W., out of the Army after five years and three months' service in the Middle East and New Guinea.

"I've always been keen on bees. Used to mess about with them even as a kid," he said.

"Just before the war I had joined up with a migratory bee-farmer, and now I'm glad to come out here to join Mr. Melton."

"It is an interesting and a good life. Plenty of healthy outdoor living. I like it."

"Working with experienced men like Mr. Melton is the best way for us beginners to learn the game."

Migratory bee-farming was given great impetus during the war because of the rise in the price of honey.

It has grown to such an extent that in 1944 the N.S.W. Agriculture

Department had to introduce a clause into the Apiaries Act to protect the stationary bee-farmer, who has firmly established himself.

This clause provides for registration of protected areas.

A bee-farmer with 50 or more hives is entitled to have the site where he has placed his hives declared protected, and this means that no one can move bees within a radius of one mile of the site.

Only two protected apiaries can be granted to one farmer.

There's plenty of work for our boys in Japan

Continued from page 9

THERE is a dance hall in Kure under military police supervision.

Most of the troops have never been there, and we had to ask several boys one dark night before we got the right directions.

It is a tawdry but well-conducted place.

Branches of ugly, artificial blossom decorate the entrance, and a mournful Jap band—Kure cadets—plays a piano and samisens—three-string Japanese instruments.

The numbers are supposed to be Western, but though I recognised one tune, most of them sounded like the sad little songs our housegirl sings as she cleans our shoes every morning.

The taxi dancers wear Western-style evening dresses and charge two yen per dance (about 10d.).

My escort, who has not been home to Australia for 18 months, said he thought the place dismal, too, and what about a nice "cuppa" tea at the newly opened BOOP Canteen.

What developments there will be in the fraternisation problem it is impossible to say yet.

Jap housegirls, interpreters, clerks, and stenographers seem attractive to me, though one soldier now reading over my shoulder disagrees.

Just now, most troops have so much work to do they don't have time to think about fraternisation.

More servicewomen

MANY more Australian servicewomen would be welcomed here.

There are fewer than a hundred Australian girls, sisters, and Aamws in Japan.

Except for five who work in Kure and are quartered at the 92nd British Indian Hospital, they are all at the 130th A.G.H. on Eta Jima Island.

There are about a hundred British girls, including nurses, Wasbies, Women's Voluntary Services, and other welfare workers, and a smaller number of New Zealanders.

A colonel told me: "Most male clerical workers are back in civil life. We could do with Awas stenographers and telephonists."

I have seen majors and captains

typing with two fingers and dialling engaged numbers.

As more men disembark the position is relieved slightly, but girls would find plenty to do, as six years of war have proved how efficient women can be.

At first, accommodation for women presented difficulties. Now it could be arranged.

Servicewomen do not ask special conditions. They can make a home, starting with a camp stretcher and a box.

There would be plenty of volunteers.

Americans are bringing some thousands of American girls to their area.

The servicewomen already here are enjoying themselves. In six or twelve months it may be a different story.

"Hey, boys, there's an Australian shella down there," was the cry from a company barracks, one day when we pulled up in our jeep.

The Wasbies, who include girls who have lived in Australia, take mobile canteens to the docks during night shifts.

They are welcomed by the boys, because there are no hamburger stands in Kure, and a cup of tea can become the most desirable thing in the world.

CAMILLA'S voice

was slightly terse as she replied: "I've more or less done the room, Hilda."

"There was no need for that, Mrs. John." No, there had been no need. Hilda, cook, and Nanny were treasures. They had taken the reduction of the staff as a challenge, and the huge house was, if anything, better kept than before the war. Camilla shrugged a slim shoulder.

"Nanny was asking for those things Mr. John left for mending. Will you leave them out for her?"

Hilda said, "But I'm going to do it myself. There's no need for Nanny to bother. There's quite a pile of stuff to be gone through."

"Well . . . I'll tell her that." Hilda with her burden of cleaning materials went through into the bathroom, knowing, as Camilla knew, that in the end Nanny would do the mending.

I want to feel I'm useful, too, Camilla thought stormily as she hurried down the wide, beautiful staircase. I want something to do, something real . . .

The mutiny lingered at the corners of her mouth until she reached the bottom stair, then they turned up again in amused surprise at herself because this was the first time her vague discontent had been translated into plain words. "Well, what do you know?" she said to herself, and just then her mother-in-law came out of the morning-room and said brightly:

"Good morning, darling. You look lovely. It's so different now, isn't it? John went off quite cheerfully, and I don't mind it at all now. Just as if he were going on a business trip . . . It's nothing."

"I think it's something," Camilla said.

"Of course you miss him. But he'll soon be back to take care of you."

"It's such a lovely morning. I'm going for a long walk," Camilla said quickly.

"Do, dear. But don't forget we have the Fairbairns to lunch, and you are walking over to have tea with Aunt Molly. A full day, but I thought it would take your mind off John's going."

Camilla burst out laughing. She said, "Mother, I wish you knew what I used to consider a full day. I'll be back in time for lunch."

A rustic footbridge spanned the stream where it narrowed, and on the other side was a gardener's cottage, and Mrs. Simmonds and her children had not been moved from it when Simmonds went away to the war. In front of the cottage the two fat babies were squatting on their heels stirring some brew in tin cans with sticks. Mrs. Simmonds was beating rugs at the side of the house. There were two bright spots of color on her cheekbones and her eyes alone. Camilla said:

"Well, it won't be long now. Have you heard anything yet?"

"Only that it will be any day, Mrs. John. But it can't be long. And with that much to do . . . I just don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels."

Through the open doorway Camilla saw the gleam of highly polished furniture, when the sun struck it. She said:

"Don't work at the house too hard or you'll be tired out and unable to enjoy the homecoming."

"No fear of that," the woman said. "Doing something you enjoy never makes you tired."

"Oh, it is something to enjoy!" Camilla said, and the woman smiled gloriously and said happily:

"You'll be having Mr. John home

for good before long, then your turn will come for a home-coming party."

Camilla walked on in the sunshine, and suddenly, surprisingly, her eyes were hot with unshed tears and she thought: But I won't plan his party or cook him his favorite dish. I don't even know what he likes best to eat. I have never had time to find that out. And if I knew . . . I've hardly put foot in the kitchen since I've been here, and I'll never be able to put foot in it.

When Gordon came to tell her there was a Mr. Fuller to see her, Camilla could not believe her ears. Tim Fuller. Her heart gave a thump. After all, she had been nearly in love with Tim Fuller for quite a long time.

She said she would go down at once to see him, but she did not go immediately, because her eagerness to see Tim shocked her a little and she stood in the empty room asking herself why she should feel it; why his coming should so excite her.

The truth, she decided, was that she had been rather bored for a long time; which was only to be expected.

The day was hot. She had been sunbathing, so her clear skin was golden-brown. She was wearing a brief, short-sleeved white frock, and white strap sandals on her stocking-less feet. When Tim saw her hurrying towards him all white and golden he knew he should never have come; that he was not even halfway over this thing, and probably would love her a little until he died.

She was laughing with excitement and pleasure. "It's wonderful to see you, Tim. How did it happen?"

"A job of work in the neighborhood. I was told you were in residence in this stately pile. I'm glad to see you, lovely. You're looking . . . He paused, his head on one side, then, swallowing a hurt, iron-hard and bitter-tasting, he said: "Marriage suits you. I'd remembered exactly how beautiful you were, but you've gone up one since I last saw you."

"Thank you, Timmy. You're looking very handsome yourself. Quite better?"

"Fit as a fiddle."

"Do you like being back in civil life? Do you miss the Army? Some of it was fun. You must miss part of it."

"Some of it was fun," he agreed. "That year I was stationed near you. His eyes on her were very bright and steady. "I miss part of it. I suppose I always shall."

They had known each other so well. She did not affect to misunderstand him. She said gently: "You don't miss it all the time."

"No. Not all the time. And finding you looking like this. You're happy. That suits me." There was a little silence, then he said: "The husband bloke . . . is he around?"

Camilla told him about John having returned to Holland a month ago, and he said: "Hard luck. Is the mother-in-law a good bargain?"

"She's quite sweet," Camilla said briefly, and Tim gave a grunt of mirth. "So it's like that? Well, I believe it often is. But in your case the pill is certainly sugar-coated." He surveyed the rich, luxurious room with a quizzical eye.

"Well, you've got what you wanted. The last time I saw you you said you were never going to do a day's work again when the war was over, that at most you would sew a fine seam and swallow your strawberries and cream if someone held the plate for you."

Her smile was not quite satisfactory. "Was that what I said?"

"Surely. You were in overalls and you had grease on your nose and you were cross because I'd turned up."

"I used to look pretty frightful at the end of the day. And tired. No girl likes looking the way I used to look most of the time."

Tim said carefully, "I've always thought that was the wrong moment to propose to you. Because all I offered you was a change of overalls, and grease on your nose cooking my dinner and being tired at the end of the day. Just for my record

files . . . did that have any effect on your decision?"

Camilla looked down at the floor. She was thinking. Then, with that heart-stopping upward sweep of her long eyelashes, she regarded him from her honest blue eyes.

"I don't know, Tim. I truly don't know. I didn't have to think about it because I'd already met John. I'd met him the night before."

"There was what seemed a long silence. "It was as quick as that, was it?"

"As certain as that."

"Well, I must say you seem to have made a lucky choice. You look as if you have all you want from life."

"I have. I am very lucky. Of course it's not . . . not perfect yet. I suppose I'd got used to work and being with women with a different background, and one has to get used to leisure. After the first wonderful feeling . . . She stopped and looked at Tim intently.

Tim said, "You really are luckier than you think. You met a chap and married him almost overnight, like so many girls, and all you know of him is on leave, hotels, and the gilded peaks, with none of the niggling facts of existence to grind the edges off your loving. And for you there need be no descent, apparently. The fact that you don't know each other at all will be no impediment to your happiness."

THE color flamed in her cheeks, but she laughed at her softly, cruel in his own pain, and before she could find any words to attack him, he said:

"I'm bound to insult you both, Camilla, because I'm jealous. Do you feel inclined to come out with a jealous and discarded suitor? Could we have a meal and talk? We'll always enjoy talking, won't we?"

"Yes," she said, suddenly freed and friendly. "You'll always be special, Tim. And you'll like John when you know him."

"If you say so," Tim agreed. They had a good, gay lunch in a low-ceilinged dining-room at the hotel in bright sunlight. And they drank a bottle of wine which had no sunshine in it; had caught nothing of the warm south, Tim said. There were no beaded bubbles winking at the brim. British claret-wine wine. But it served to drink a toast to her happiness. "And to yours," Camilla said. "To the right girl you'll marry quite soon."

"Oh, I might get married one day. I think I will," Tim said. "And she will make me a home, and bear my children, and wipe their noses, and wash their clothes, and we'll walk out on Sundays, and I'll work for her and cherish her until death do us part. Here's to her!"

"She'll be a lucky woman," Camilla said with a violence that surprised them both, first into silence, then into laughter.

They drove home slowly, and when they came to the big gates which led to the drive, Camilla asked Tim to stop.

"I'd rather walk up the drive," she said, and when he raised surprised eyebrows, she explained:

"I've gone back into the past with you. It seems . . . I can't explain, but I want an interval before I go back to them, mother and Mr. Darrant and Roy . . ."

"And your husband."

"Perhaps John, too. You belong to a different life . . . Whatever it is, I'd rather say good-bye here, Tim." She spoke very softly.

"O.K. I understand. But you didn't mind my turning up? No, of course you didn't. It doesn't matter enough, does it?" He laid his hand flat against her warm, curved cheek. His hand was shaking but she smiled at him placidly.

"That was it, wasn't it? Your blood never ran any faster for me, did it? And there has to be that. So good-bye, Camilla, and God bless you."

"I'll be seeing you," Camilla said. She was violently sick during the night and later, lying groggily watching the cold moonlight in the room, she wished John were near her in a way she had never quite wished for him before. "In sickness and health," she muttered.

At first she blamed the claret-wine, but when her wretchedness persisted for a week she began to doubt it.

Then secretly she went to Dr. Manners to have her suspicions confirmed and the miracle of acceptance and assurance happened some time during that day.

After she had written a long letter to John she told Mrs. Darrant about the baby coming, and the fact that Mrs. Darrant had, of course, known, did not affect her. Her happiness was too deep to be reached and she was quite invulnerable.

But she said, "Don't tell Roy and father. Not yet. It's silly, I know, but . . ."

Mrs. Darrant said, "Darling, isn't that being a little selfish? It means so much to us all. No baby could mean more to any family . . . You won't have to get anything . . . so fortunate. Old Nanny will see to everything and all you have to do is think of the baby and take care of yourself and keep well."

When, on one of her walks, Camilla first saw the little house, she thought merely that it was odd to see a house empty in that neighborhood. It was not until the middle of the night that she thought of living in it herself. She was awake wondering what it would be like if she and John had to live like other young couples on his salary.

The house agent, too, thought it was odd to have a good house to let.

He explained he'd only had it on his books for forty-eight hours. A reasonable rental, and the garden very well kept. The agent was really more struck by the novelty of all this than Camilla, who was so strong in the serenity of high resolve that she felt no astonishment at having the fates working on her side.

"A very good house indeed—your's lucky," the agent said. "And the bus passes, which goes to the works. You say your husband is employed there?"

And Camilla, agreeing, thought that settled it.

The day after John got back, she still had not told him, and he had only four days in England. The next day passed and she still hadn't told him. She was afraid, because she had said to herself so many times, "Our whole life together depends on John's attitude to this." But when at last she brought him to see the house she was quite casual about it, spoke lightly as if it were not very important.

She said, her eyes watchful, while she smiled so airily:

"Of course, it's not very big, but the point is, we would be on our own. And when you're home for good, we could probably find a larger house to take servants and all the rest of it."

John's bright, steady eyes were fixed on her face. "Come clean," he said gently. "It's not simply that, you don't want to live with your mother-in-law. You're one of the unemployed, aren't you? The peace has thrown you on the market and you want a job?"

She dropped her eyes and said in an almost sullen voice:

"Yes. I do. I want to run my home and look after my own baby and work with my neighbors. I'm sorry. I wasn't the type to marry into your family. Your mother and your sister and Aunt Molly, trying to breathe the breath of life back into their idle, narrow, dead, exclusive little world. I'm sorry, but they strike me as mentally defective."

"Stop insulting my relations and come here," John said, pulling her towards him.

She came, because she would always come, compelled by that magnetism he had for her.

"Did you think I'd learned nothing at all in the last five years? I was ready to give you your fling because you seemed to want it so badly. You were tired. All you young women have been tired out. But it wouldn't have gone on indefinitely. I'm going to work, and sooner or later, my pretty, you'd have gone to work, too."

Camilla began to laugh. She said, "I'll wipe the children's noses and wash their clothes, and we'll walk out on Sundays. And you'll cherish me until death do us part."

John said, "That's it. A bit incoherent, but you've got the idea." He framed her face in his hands, and bent his head.

(Copyright)

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

Bobby-soxers are paid for swooning

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Bobby-soxers who swoon at the appearance of Frank Sinatra are not all as crack-brained as they appear.

Robert Prall, of "World-Telegram," reveals that the number of swoonings on such occasions are merely professional, paid-for acts presented by young girls trained for the purpose.

THESE girls who will swoon at the drop of a publicity man's hat are willing to perform for a small fee or a few theatre-seat tickets, which are hard to get otherwise," he states.

Only drawback is that bobby-soxers can be used only on Saturdays and Sundays, otherwise a stunt officer intervenes. Each stunt is planned in advance.

"Publicity Professor" assembles professional swooners and placard-carriers and tells them exactly what to do and when to do it. He arms them with placards reading, "Phoney on Sinatra," "We love you, Frankie," "We want Billy Howard," etc. And fake and real swooners collapse together to the glorification of the film star.

IT is men who are thinking up the most adroit means of obtaining a pair of nylon stockings from stores. One of the latest stunts came from a slightly inebriated man who said he needed a pair for his dying wife, who couldn't go happily unless buried in them.

In Detroit a towering Indian, in full tribal dress, walked up to a nylon counter, said his name was Sitting Bull, demanded stockings for his wife under terms of some obscure charter allowing Indians access to white man's goods.

Returned swooners often plead for a pair, saying their girls won't take them back unless they produce nylons. "It's nylons—or else," they say. And then there is the poor worried husband who says he has

lost a card entitling his wife to a pair, and he is afraid to go home without them.

OFFICE of Price Administration is pondering the problem of women's skirts. Issue is: If it gives women's skirts an inch, will they take a foot?

And, if so, will it bring on a depression?

Women's skirts have been hanging round the same length for four years. Government order L45 says, for instance, that a dress for a girl of 16 years shall measure not more than 43½ inches from back of neck to hemline.

Recently O.P.A. called in advisers to give regulation L45 the once over. The Women's Dress committee urged that women be given an extra inch skirt length, but O.P.A. is deliberating whether one inch wouldn't lead to another.

It is working out how many miles of cloth would be used if 53,000,000 women each add an inch to skirts. And then there's the psychological angle. It is said that when women's skirts are short, the country is prosperous, and when they are down so is the country.

IN America we may soon be getting our teeth pulled out by smart blondes.

The Department of Labor bulletin contains propaganda designed to attract women to the field of dentistry.

The bulletin says there are good prospects in the profession for women, and points out that of 70,000 dentists in the United States 69,000 are men.

Was That What I Said

Continued from page 3

for good before long, then your turn will come for a home-coming party."

Camilla walked on in the sunshine, and suddenly, surprisingly, her eyes were hot with unshed tears and she thought: But I won't plan his party or cook him his favorite dish. I don't even know what he likes best to eat. I have never had time to find that out. And if I knew . . . I've hardly put foot in the kitchen since I've been here, and I'll never be able to put foot in it.

When Gordon came to tell her there was a Mr. Fuller to see her, Camilla could not believe her ears. Tim Fuller. Her heart gave a thump. After all, she had been nearly in love with Tim Fuller for quite a long time.

She said she would go down at once to see him, but she did not go immediately, because her eagerness to see Tim shocked her a little and she stood in the empty room asking herself why she should feel it; why his coming should so excite her.

The truth, she decided, was that she had been rather bored for a long time; which was only to be expected.

The day was hot. She had been sunbathing, so her clear skin was golden-brown. She was wearing a brief, short-sleeved white frock, and white strap sandals on her stocking-less feet. When Tim saw her hurrying towards him all white and golden he knew he should never have come; that he was not even halfway over this thing, and probably would love her a little until he died.

She was laughing with excitement and pleasure. "It's wonderful to see you, Tim. How did it happen?"

"A job of work in the neighborhood. I was told you were in residence in this stately pile. I'm glad to see you, lovely. You're looking . . . He paused, his head on one side, then, swallowing a hurt, iron-hard and bitter-tasting, he said: "Marriage suits you. I'd remembered exactly how beautiful you were, but you've gone up one since I last saw you."

"Thank you, Timmy. You're looking very handsome yourself. Quite better?"

"Fit as a fiddle."

"Do you like being back in civil life? Do you miss the Army? Some of it was fun. You must miss part of it."

"Some of it was fun," he agreed. "That year I was stationed near you. His eyes on her were very bright and steady. "I miss part of it. I suppose I always shall."

They had known each other so well. She did not affect to misunderstand him. She said gently: "You don't miss it all the time."

"No. Not all the time. And finding you looking like this. You're happy. That suits me." There was a little silence, then he said: "The husband bloke . . . is he around?"

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YOUTHFUL SPECTATOR. Pretty Shirley Pye watched practice polo at Kyeemagh with her father, ex-polo player Mr. R. J. Pye, of Walgett.



WELL-KNOWN HORSEMAN Mr. Curtis Skene chats with his daughter, Mrs. Ken Mackay, of Candong, Dungog, between chukkers. With his pony Star Turn Mr. Skene was one of the most experienced players at the practice game.

Intimate Gossipings

FEEL as though I've set the clock back to years before the war when I sally forth to watch first practice game of polo at Kyeemagh.

Walking on to the field, saw same groups of spectators and same players who were enthusiastic polo followers in peacetime. Even the same prewar thermos flasks were well to the fore for picnic lunches and afternoon teas. Only difference, as far as I could see, was that many of the spectators bring their young children, born during war years, to watch the game.

Polo player of the future, young Robert Ashton, jun., was one of the smartest spectators present in his gay scarlet corduroy trousers. He came with his father and mother, well-known polo player Bob Ashton and Mrs. Ashton, who was Jane Mills, of Quirindi. Young Robert had a busy afternoon assisting his father as time-keeper.

BASKING in lovely sunshine watching practice game, ruefully remember last time I attended match at Kyeemagh was on a freezing wet day, and I came away blue of nose and mud to the ankles.

Full of enthusiasm as always was Mr. Curtis Skene, pale blue polo shirt and topee, who chatted to his daughter, Mrs. Ken Mackay, of Candong, Dungog, between chukkers. Phil and her husband have been staying at the Australia, while their small daughter, Margaret, has been with her grandparents at Kilbride, Campbelltown.

Familiar players Geoff and Phil Ashton, Tom and Dougall Bray, of Forbes; Wallace Horsley, Gundilla-way, Gundagai; Reg Farrell, of Bringley, matched their enthusiasm with young players John Dudley, jun. (Bringley), Rex Schoffel (Liverpool), Jimmy Maple-Brown (Goulburn), Tony Pye (Walgett), and Owen Merriman (Yass).

Practice games each Saturday and Sunday afternoon will be held, and when the Sheep Show is held at the end of May it is hoped to have four-chukker matches.

INCLINED to agree with hotel commissionaire who exclaims: "My word, our Madge is a trimmer, isn't she!" when he hails her a taxi. "Our Madge," of course, being Madge Elliott, who has arrived home with husband Cyril Ritchard.

Madge naturally couldn't wait to see her mother when she arrived, and rushed out to her home, where Mrs. Elliott was eagerly awaiting her daughter. Amused that with even such a famous daughter parental privilege will out, and, after exclaiming how well Madge looked, Mrs. Elliott said: "But, my dear, take off that hat; it doesn't do anything for you," to Madge's imported model bought especially for her arrival.

"ALMOST imagine I'm walking round in a dream," says Diana Mollison when I phone to say "good-bye" before she goes off to Melbourne prior to sailing for England, where she will join husband Pat. Diana's father, Mr. R. J. A. Massie, and sister Annette will accompany her, so farewell parties have been the order of the day for this popular family. Diana and Pat will live in London, and hope later to buy a home in Sussex.



POPULAR COUPLE. Major Jim Barnes, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Anna Volkova, Russian ballet dancer, leaving Shore Chapel after their marriage, with bridesmaid Moya Barnes, bridegroom's sister, and Flight-Lieut. Peter Glanville, R.A.A.F.



HOME AGAIN! Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, popular Australian theatricals, lunch at Romano's. They will star in Noel Coward one-act plays at Theatre Royal on May 25.



ENGAGED. Pam Owen and Lieut.-Commander Bill Cook, R.A.N., announce their engagement. Pam is only daughter of Mr. Justice W. L. F. Owen and Mrs. Owen, of Rose Bay.



INTERESTING WEDDING. Mr. H. L. Anthony, M.H.R. for Richmond, and his bride, formerly Mrs. Lyndall Thornton, with Miss Dulcie Anthony, sister of bridegroom, and Mr. Paul Malone, of the Canadian High Commissioner's Office, Canberra, brother-in-law of the bride, at whose home reception was held.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Lieutenant Bill Douglas, of Wagga and Manly, and his bride, formerly Linda Varley, daughter of the late Brigadier A. L. Varley, M.C., and Mrs. Varley, of Inverell, cut the cake at reception at Pickwick Club.

BUSY day for Canon Barden when he christens Adrian Kelghley Quist, son of the Adrian Quist, and Adrienne Knox, daughter of the Edward Knox, of Exeter, on same day at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Canon Barden married both couples at same church. Mrs. Knox tells me at christening party at Elizabeth Bay House following ceremony that she and her husband and Adrienne will "swap" houses with the Rex Moneys during the children's school holidays.

Noppy and Rex want a country holiday, and Lorna and "Knoxie" want a few weeks in the city, so arrangement is ideal for all concerned.

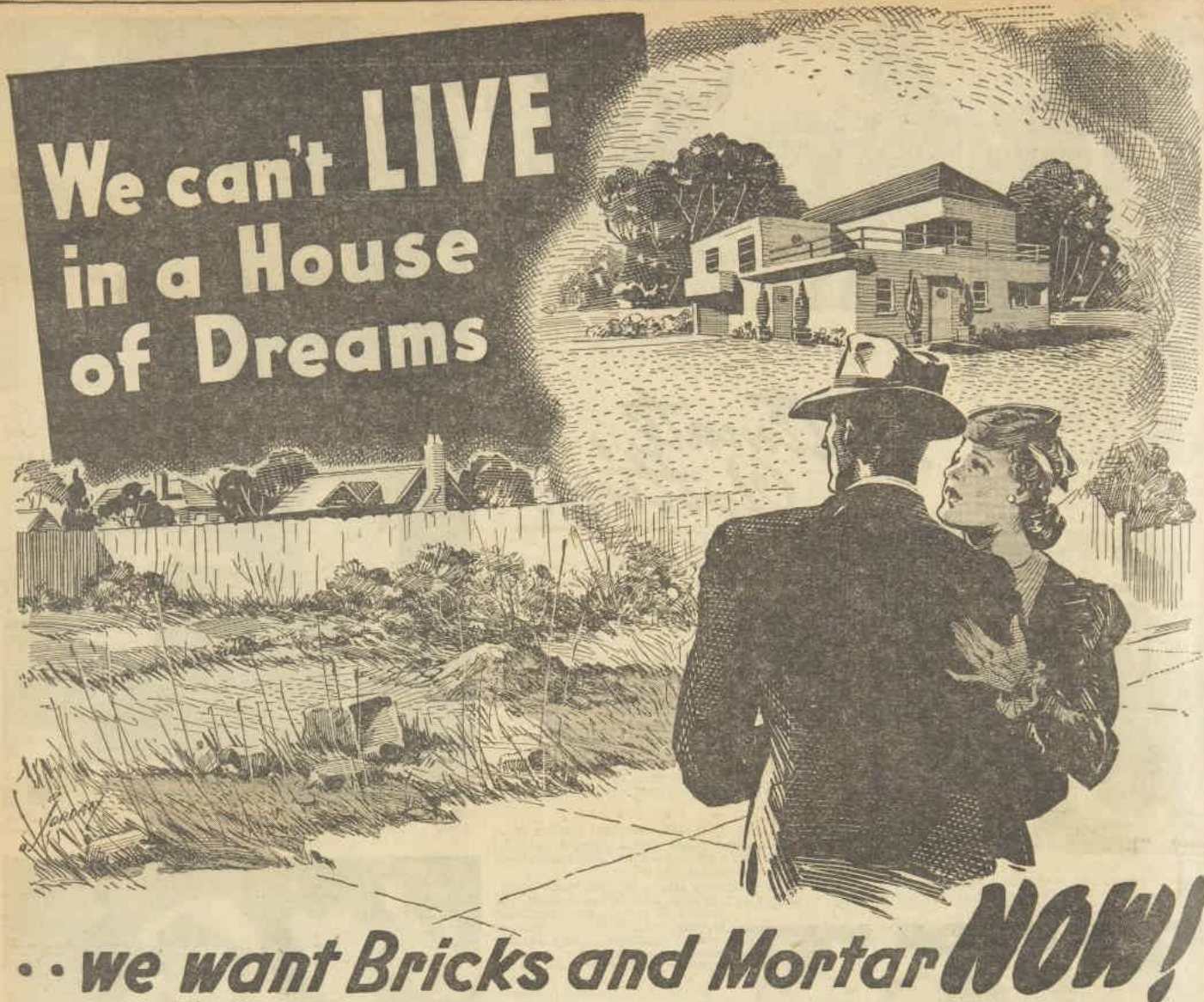
ADMIRER Snella Tonkin's white flat crepe dinner gown worn to Romano's, where she danced with Jock Pagan.

FAMILY party at Australia Hotel to celebrate their daughter Joan's engagement to Bill Shaw, given by Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Roberts, of Darling Point. Party comes on to dinner after day at the races.

CULMINATION of a romance which started when couple met while on service in New Guinea takes place when Lieut. Keith Wallis, A.I.F., and Judy Hassall, ex-A.A.M.W.S., marry at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield.

GROUP of pretty lassies at Prince's were three sisters, Joan, Elaine, and Vicki Howes, of Point Piper, with Joan Hume, of Melbourne, Maryanne Kater, Wendy Playfair, Zara St. Clair, and Judy Marsland.

joyce



Our house of dreams—huh! It has become a nightmare of waiting—an agony of muddling and make-believe. If talk and controls built houses, we'd all be living in mansions. But bricks build houses—bricks and timber and tiles.

We want a Government that will be strong enough to stimulate action, far-sighted

enough to plan ahead, enlightened enough to encourage free enterprise.

The Liberal Party has a common-sense approach to housing. It will clear away red tape; it will abolish Sales Tax on materials; make finance and labor available; and concentrate national effort on the immediate alleviation of the housing shortage. The Liberal Party means homes . . . not promises.

The Road Back to Freedom is through

**THE LIBERAL PARTY
OF AUSTRALIA**

Authorised by The Federal Secretariat of THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE stars produce many powerful influences this week, favoring Taurians, Virgoans, and Capricornians most of all, but with Pisceans and Cancerians standing to benefit to a lesser degree.

Caution is advised for most Scorpions, Leoians, and Aquarians, however, who will experience upsets and disruption.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 7 (5 p.m. to 9 p.m.), 8 (afternoon), and 9 (to forenoon) can be fair, but beware estrangements and losses on May 12, 13, and 14.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Seek gains and changes now. May 9 (after midday), 10 (early and late), 12, and 13 (to 3 p.m.) very good. May 11 excellent.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Not a spectacular period, but May 7



"It's okay, mother—we're engaged!"

5 p.m. to 8 p.m.), 9, 12, and 13 (to 3 p.m.) very helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): May 8, 10 (after 2 p.m.), 12, 13, and 14 confusing. May 7 (5 p.m. to 9 p.m.) and 9 (to 11 a.m.) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Beware obstacles and worries now, especially on May 7, 8, 9, 10 (after midday), and 14 (after 10 p.m.). Routine work best.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Seek gains now. May 8, 10 (to 2 p.m.), 11, 12 (after 4 p.m.), and 14 all good.

LINER (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): May 8 (5 p.m. to 9 p.m.), 12 (afternoon), 13 (to 3 p.m.), and 14 (early) all mildly helpful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Beware affairs and partings now, especially on May 7, 8, 9 (early), 10 (after 2 p.m.), and 14. Live quietly and stick to routine tasks.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): May 7 (5 p.m. to 9 p.m.), 8, 9 (before 10 a.m.), 12, and 13 (to 3 p.m.) moderately helpful.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Worth hard gains and desired goals likely. May 8, 10 (except 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.), 11, and 14 (noon to dusk) good. May 7 fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Trouble ahead for many. Aquarians, not changes and indiscretions, should be avoided, especially on May 7, 8, and 14 (afternoon). May 10 (noon to dusk) tricky.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): A fair week, but be cautious on May 9 (after midday), 10, and 11. May 7 (5 p.m. to 9 p.m.), 12, and 14 (to dusk) fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 41 to 52 (expire June 21).
SUGAR: 19 to 20.
BUTTER: 27 to 30 (expire June 21).
MEAT: Mutton, 35 to 38; red and green, 37, 39.
CLOTHES: Y1-56, Z67-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins.

AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt. **KARL:** Who has tired of the whole affair, and **PETER:** At first Augusta's ally, now in love with Betty. **Augusta's new ally is** **KRAG:** Who tells head-hunters in Cerebi that Mandrake will steal their idol. Reaching the idol in which the third clue is hidden, Mandrake, Betty, Peter, and Lothar are caught by the savages. **NOW READ ON:**



Hollywood Calls... and Disney Answers!

HOLLYWOOD, Tuesday. With "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" being revived all over the world and commanding bigger audiences than when first released years ago by reason of the new younger generation which has sprung up and all the elders seeing it again, we decided to call Walt Disney at his New York office and put a few pointers to him concerning the phenomenal success which has made "Snow White" the greatest of all entertainments for young and old alike, and, incidentally, one of the biggest box office attractions of all time. Below, we reprint the questions exactly as they were put to Walt Disney, and the answers as supplied by him:—

QUESTION: Tell me, just how old a story is SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS?

DISNEY: So old that no one knows when or where it was first told.

QUESTION: Is it true that it wasn't published until the Grimm Brothers came along?

DISNEY: Yes, just about 100 years ago. Jacob Grimm was a very learned man—a scientist. You'd hardly think he'd go in for fairy tales, but just as a hobby he and his brother collected a lot of old folk stories and legends—put them into a book—and called the book GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

QUESTION: In their written form, Walt, fairy tales are supposedly only for children. But when YOU bring one to the screen it captivates everyone. Age, language, race—make no difference. What's the secret?

DISNEY: Well, here's half the answer. Here at our place, we're sure of just one thing. Everybody in the world was once a child. We grow up. Our personalities change. But in every one of us, something remains of our childhood.

QUESTION: You mean, that's a common denominator?

DISNEY: That just about sums it up. This same level you speak of knows nothing of sophistication and distinction. It's where all of us are still simple and naive, without prejudice and bias. We're friendly and trusting. And it just seems to me that if your picture hits that spot in one person, it's going to hit that same spot in almost everybody. So, in planning a new picture, we don't think of grown-ups and we don't think of children—but just of that fine, clean, unspoiled spot deep in everyone of us that maybe the world has made us forget, and that maybe our pictures can help recall.

QUESTION: Will the picture be again released all over the world?

DISNEY: Yes, we have made new reprints to replace the worn out copies. In most countries of the world people want to see SNOW WHITE again. Then there is the new generation of children who have come along since we first released the picture in 1937, and perhaps a lot of grown-ups who will enjoy the picture for the first time. We have made new copies in ten different languages to satisfy requests from all parts of the world.

QUESTION: What's new at the Studio, Walt?

DISNEY: There's a lot going on—but say—I'm not a publicity man, at the studio make pictures and leave the publicity to Joe Reddy and the rest of the boys, who are currently busy telling the world, through its Press, all about MAKE MINE MUSIC, UNCLE REMUS, and other pictures in work-

MERRIMENT! MELODY! MAGIC!

GRUMPY

BASHFUL

SNEEZY

"DOC"

SLEEPY

DOPEY

HAPPY

The show-thrill of your lifetime...ringing with glorious tunes...resplendent with gorgeous color...joyous and exciting with romance, fun and drama!

WALT DISNEY'S

First Full-Length Feature Production

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

In Multiplane TECHNICOLOR

DISTRIBUTED BY RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.

FOX GENERAL EXHIBITION

"Make Mine Music" Disney's Next

THOSE on the "inside" in Hollywood who have been lucky enough to get a peak at advance screenings on Walt Disney's "Make Mine Music" say the picture possesses the greatest all-round "mass" appeal of any of Disney's productions to date. While it is the musical cavalcade class, it is in no way restricted to the classics as was "Fantasia," but is styled right down the alley of every man, woman and child who knows and loves a film carrying the major popular hit tunes of the day.

The newest Disney feature uses all types of music—poetic, sentimental, humorous, and narrative—each welded without seams to its proper visualisation. It includes all styles, from the playing of Benny Goodman and the singing of Dinah Shore, to the symphonic school of the modern Russians and then on to truly classical pieces of American folklore, like "Casey at the Bat" and "The Martins and the Coys." There are also novelties like "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," a romance of two hats featuring the Andrews Sisters; "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met," with Nelson Eddy; a breath-taking fantasy, "The Two Silhouettes," in which direct photography and ani-

mation on the screen present the world-famous ballet virtuoso, Lichine and Kriabouchinska. This last sequence is so strikingly original that Walt has given it a name all its own, a "Ballad Ballet."

In fact, "Make Mine Music" outdoes the tradition that no Disney feature shall appear without several innovations. One is that every character is newly created. Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, and other Disney favorites are on the sidelines in this game. Popular music fans will meet two songs that are definite candidates for the hit parade: "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet" and "The Two Silhouettes." Enthusiasts for the ballet type will be engrossed with "The Blue Bayou," while swingers of the "hot" school will be transported by Benny Goodman's playing in "All the Cats Joined In" and in "After You've Gone." For the more sophisticated admirers of musical satire, there is Prokofiev's orchestral fable of "Peter and the Wolf," and the hilarious sequence, "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met."

Appreciators of traditional American folk songs of the justly narrative type are generously treated in "Make Mine Music." There they will find three epics of that school—"The Martins and the Coys," "Casey at

the Bat," and "Casey Jones." For the technically minded who take an active interest in the tricks of recording, "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met" is an absorbing episode, for here, although the only voice is that of Nelson Eddy, a new process perfected at Disney's lets him be heard in every role, and to cap the climax, as a heavenly choir of 100 voices in the finale from "Martha," Nelson will be heard sing-

ing bass, baritone, and tenor at one time. Also, he goes "soprano" in "Tristan and Isolde."

Of great appeal to an important section of picturegoers who are serious music lovers is the method of adapting Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf" to the screen. The original score was too long and diffuse for picture purposes, so Walt and his composers had to boil it down and still preserve its continuity and flavor. In its new form, and in perfect union with the screen story, the Disney version is said to be a masterpiece of condensation and enhancement.

Walt Disney Pictures in Australia

WALT DISNEY will be well represented on Australia's screens shortly, with "Fantasia" revivals at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide; Her Majesty's Theatre, Brisbane; and Australian Cinema, Melbourne. Picture has become an Annual Musical Festival, with other Suites lined up for screening later. Released in Adelaide in 1943, picture has since played two return seasons in that city. "The Three Caballeros" shortly opens in Melbourne, Adelaide and Perth. This colorful show, which introduced the popular hit

songs "You Belong To My Heart," "Baila," "The Three Caballeros," and "Mexico," has gained friends for Disney everywhere it has been screened. Few pictures have ever had four songs currently on Bill Parades throughout Australia at the one time. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," after playing Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin in New Zealand with great success, is now playing country centres throughout New Zealand, and is listed for release at Sydney Empire Theatre within the next few weeks.

WE wonder if anyone answered the following advertisement, which appeared in a recent issue of "The Lady," one of England's popular weekly women's papers.

"Wanted: gentlewoman for care of invalid lady, housekeeping and light housework, fond of gardening, must be able to drive car, some needlework, and able to read aloud. Good home and board offered. No salary. References exchanged."

We can just imagine the happy scene at night when the successful applicant sits down by the fire after her easy day caring for the invalid, doing light housework, driving the car, and gardening. Then eagerly she will take out the needlework and busily sew while reading some chapters from a light novel.

And not a pay-day to worry about.

Language problem

LIBRARIAN at the Adelaide University, Miss Eileen Rogers, has had to learn several languages to cope with the flow of letters in a dozen different languages which come from universities all over the world.

Spanish, she admits, is not her long suit, and when it was decided to write to a South American university requesting an exchange of scientific papers, the drafting of the letter took considerable effort, with frequent references to the dictionary.

The answer came promptly, and the dictionary was again brought out.

Laboriously she translated the acceptance of the exchange and description of the journal.

Then she came to a polite little postscript. In English, the writer had added:

"I do hope you can understand my Spanish."

THE main offices of the airline were on the field at Burbank, California. The following morning, Mason Price, who was flying shuttle service to San Diego, was waiting for her. He was a tall, attractive youngster.

He grinned at me. "All right, Sam," he said. "What have I done this time?"

"It's the same old thing. Playing round with the stewardesses. Last night I heard Miss Hastings had left us."

He winked at me. "Can I help it if I'm irresistible? She started swooning round me. Is that my fault?"

"No," I conceded, "but you're partly responsible. I don't see you running away when they start swooning. Look, Mason, you're a good pilot and I have no intention of losing you, but why don't you co-operate with me? Get tough with these girls."

He stared off into space and said wistfully, "I wish I could get married."

I laughed and said, "That would fix things, all right, but I can't picture you as a married man."

"Neither can I," he said. "It isn't my nature to get tough with any girl, but I'll try."

He went out, and I turned to the wide windows of the office to watch a DC-3 making take-offs and landings. That, I thought, would be McEwen with Ann Griffin. One of the landings was pretty sloppy and gave me an idea. I got Helen on the telephone.

I told her: "That deal you made with me was a one-sided proposition. If Miss Griffin turns out okay, I buy you a fur coat. But if she says you don't get the fur coat and I go duck-hunting for two weeks."

"All right," she snorted. "It's a bet."

I hung up and rubbed my hands together with great satisfaction. That nice feeling did not last long. McEwen dropped in that afternoon with a full report on Ann Griffin. She was not only good — she was excellent.

I stared at McEwen unbelievably. But no, he was not the sort to make out a trick report. He was a huge bear of a man, easy-going, good-natured, and a crack pilot. Strictly

WORTH Reporting

LOOKING on the bright side. We overheard a youthful bride in a tram say to her friend:

"We were very lucky to get the flat. Of course, we have to walk three flights of stairs to get the milk."

"Oh, yes, we're right at the back, but there's a lovely view of the harbor from the bathroom, and you can see it wonderfully when you stand under the shower."

Overcharged

THERE is one wife we know who admits her husband is a necessary asset when it comes to money matters. Since he came out of the forces she hasn't been overcharged once.

Recently he went into a jeweller's shop in Adelaide with her watch, and asked an assistant what was wrong with it.

He was told it needed cleaning. He appeared doubtful, so a second assistant was asked to inspect it.

"This watch needs cleaning, sir."

"It does? Well, would you get the manager to look at it?"

The manager examined it carefully and agreed with his assistants. The watch definitely needed cleaning.

"Now," said the man, "here is a receipt for 15/- which my wife collected from you this morning for cleaning her watch!"

HEARD recently in a London music-hall:

"It has just been announced that 'The British have released Goering, the Americans have offered him a film contract, and the Russians have shot him!'"

SPLITS BOTH WAYS

NOWS the day, and now's the hour

To ponder on atomic power: They tell us that the energy contained in half a cup of tea is quite sufficient, properly split, To build a battleship with it.

Personally, I'd prefer To reverse the process, as it were, And take a few odd battleships Now lying rusty on the slips And atomise them teacup fashion To implement my meagre ration. —LARRY BOYS.

Souvenirs for Sweden

WITH a huge case of souvenirs of Australia—a kangaroo skin, native weapons, assorted sea-shells, gramophone records of leading Australian musicians, and even sand from the seashore—fair-haired Swedish Lisbet Listervik left Melbourne recently for her native Stockholm.

There she plans to have an Australian exhibition and talk about the country where she has lived for the past eight years.

With her sister Greta, she arrived here in 1938, after hitch-hiking through 24 countries.

These two pretty Swedish girls have been working in Sydney—Lisbet with a photographic studio and Greta in a factory.

Greta's work is keeping her in Australia for the present, but Lisbet has gone home to see her mother, her six brothers, and four sisters.

Lipstick gift

A MESSAGE from our London office says that Elizabeth Arden, world-famous beautician, is sending sixty thousand lipsticks from her New York salon as a gift to British servicewomen overseas. These lipsticks are in the newest colors, and care has been taken to harmonize them with Service as well as off-duty clothes.

All through the war Miss Arden received letters from British girls serving in India, Ceylon, the Middle East, and the Pacific, and in reply she always sent packages of beauty preparations.

The 60,000 lipsticks are to be delivered as a gift by NAAFI to personnel in places where shopping facilities are either had or non-existent, or where the price of luxuries is beyond the pockets of nurses and servicewomen.

WE happened to pass a high-ranking R.A.A.F. officer in the corridor of Air Headquarters recently, and told him how we admired the snappy salute he tossed us.

"Ah," he said, "that's the corridor salute. Arm brought up closely from the side, then you won't knock anyone over."

"You can always tell a headquarters man this way," he added with a grin.

Mobile X-ray unit

SINCE 1943 seven women have operated a mobile X-ray unit in one of the most thickly populated areas in Britain.

A message from our London office says that they have tested 90,000 people for tuberculosis. The unit is one of 30.

The seven women are employed



"Eggs! You'll find them under Hen. Wow! Get it?"

by the Middlesex County Council and are directed by grey-haired Miss Ethella Previte, chief radiologist. She has two assistant radiologists and four clerks.

The women visit factories, shops, and homes.

Through the radio, cinema, and newspapers, people are advised of the unit's visit. All who are X-rayed submit voluntarily. There is an average of 400 a day.

Miss Previte said that the establishment of the units saved Britain from "a really frightening problem."

"In 1943, through a combination of lack of certain foods, overwork, and war worries the incidence of T.B. began to rise alarmingly," she said.

Continuing . . . You Can't Win

from page 4

a family man, he was in love with his wife, his two children, and his home. Neither Ann Griffin nor any other woman could affect him.

I asked, "She's really as good as this report makes her out to be?"

He nodded. "I saw one sloppy landing from the window."

"Not her fault. A flap got stuck."

"Well, it looks like I have a female co-pilot. What do you think of the idea?"

He shrugged and said, "I'm not against the idea. I don't care who rides that second seat, as long as they know their job."

"But you're the one who will be stuck with her!"

I held my breath, hoping he would veto the idea, but after thinking it over he said, "It's all right with me, Sam. Shall I take her along to-night?"

I nodded helplessly.

For the next two weeks I kept looking for some weakness in Ann but she turned in as workmanlike a job as any man. She was serious about her flying and even managed to keep away from the other pilots.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"That shooting star he's describing happens to be a P-35."

with Dave on his flight. Her eyes were red from crying.

She sniffed and said, "I'm causing you trouble, aren't I?"

"Whatever gave you that idea?"

"I don't mean my flying. It's my sex again. Poor Mac. I loved flying with him. But just because I was a woman, his wife made life miserable for him." She took a deep breath and said, "You can fire me if you like."

In a way, it was a temptation. I thought of two weeks of duck-hunting and my mouth watered. But I put that thought aside—I couldn't have fooled Helen, anyway—and told Ann, "You're staying on the job. Another two weeks and you'll be permanent. I'm satisfied already."

I went out to the line with her and saw her off. That evening I told Helen what had happened, and she seemed pleased. She said, "She'll find her level."

The next few days I was busy helping Stewart steal a couple of stewardesses from another airline. We managed to pull the coup successfully and also hired a couple of nurses to train. We had enough stewardesses now to last out the year, even if each of them fell in love with Mason. I put that little worry aside.

But another cropped up almost immediately. Dave Cameron returned from the Dallas flight looking properly worried.

"It's just no good, Sam," he said. "I'm not used to watching a good-looking pair of legs disappear from that second seat. It's impossible for a man to sit there hour after hour with a good-looking babe at his side and not get ideas."

"Okay," I said with a sigh. "We'll have to make another shift."

Dave left the office and I sent for Ann. She knew why I wanted her, and she was as worried about it all as Dave had been. So was I. Mason was the only one left now. Ann would have to go on his flight.

I glanced at the schedule on the wall and saw that Mason was in Operations between flights. I called there and asked to have him sent up.

HE growled at me.

"What is it now?"

I said, "You've got a new co-pilot."

He shrugged. "Okay by me. Where did you get the new man?"

"Well, she isn't exactly new."

He roared, "She? Do you mean to sit there and tell me—"

I nodded. "That's right. Miss Griffin will fly with you from now on."

"That," he shouted, his face turning red, "is what you think!"

Miss Griffin said from her corner, "Are you afraid I might show you up, Mr. Price?"

Mason yelled, "Show me up! What any dame knows about flying an airplane can be written on the head of a pin."

She smiled up at him, a wicked little smile. "Oh, indeed. Then perhaps you won't mind proving it?"

"Huh."

"I know all about you, Mr. Price. You can't even keep a stewardess on your run. But I'm willing to make you a bargain. I'll be your co-pilot for the rest of my contract, a week and a half. At the end of that time, if you don't think I can fly as well as you, say so, and I'll drop out of the line. But if you're forced to concede that I do fly as well as you, you owe me a dinner and a nightclub evening."

I had a hard time holding back a laughing fit. That was really putting him on the spot. There was simply no answer to it except to take her terms. Mason mumbled under his breath, looked at me pleadingly, while his face got redder, then finally nodded and stamped out of the room. Ann watched him go with a smile of triumph.

When I told Helen that night she smiled and said, "That's where she belongs, Sam."

"Why, they hate each other."

"Darling," purred Helen, "you can be so naive. You know, I think I'll have another look at that coat."

The run from Burbank to San Diego was a quick turnaround. Each crew made the round trip three times a day, so I had an opportunity to watch Ann and Mason closely.

Please turn to page 20

OFF DUTY WITH OUR OCCUPATION FORCE



JAP MOTHER and children working in vegetable garden of their dilapidated shack built among debris in Kure. Wheat, lettuce, cabbage are being grown on a few feet of clay.



POLLING DAY. Jap woman places her vote in ballot box, bowing to watchers (scrutineers). W.O. Joyce Crane, W.O. Mary Monk (Sydney), and Cpl. Jack Harrington (Fitzroy, Vic.) look on.



DIRTY GUTTER in a back street serves as playground for Japanese youngsters. Dr. Jim Matthews stops to watch some boys playing boats.



"KAITENKI"—metal globular frames used by Jap naval cadets for physical training—were found on the roof of 130th A.G.H. Two Australians inside the frames are bowled along by some of their mates.



OFFER OF CHOCOLATE brings swarm of children round this Australian. Chocolate is rationed and not often given away, also brings 40 yen (nearly £1) a block on black market.

Street scenes and

By **DOROTHY DRAIN**, our special correspondent

THE Japanese are laughing at us," is a comment you often hear round these parts. Those who hold this view say our methods are too soft, that the Japs are allowed to get away with too much.

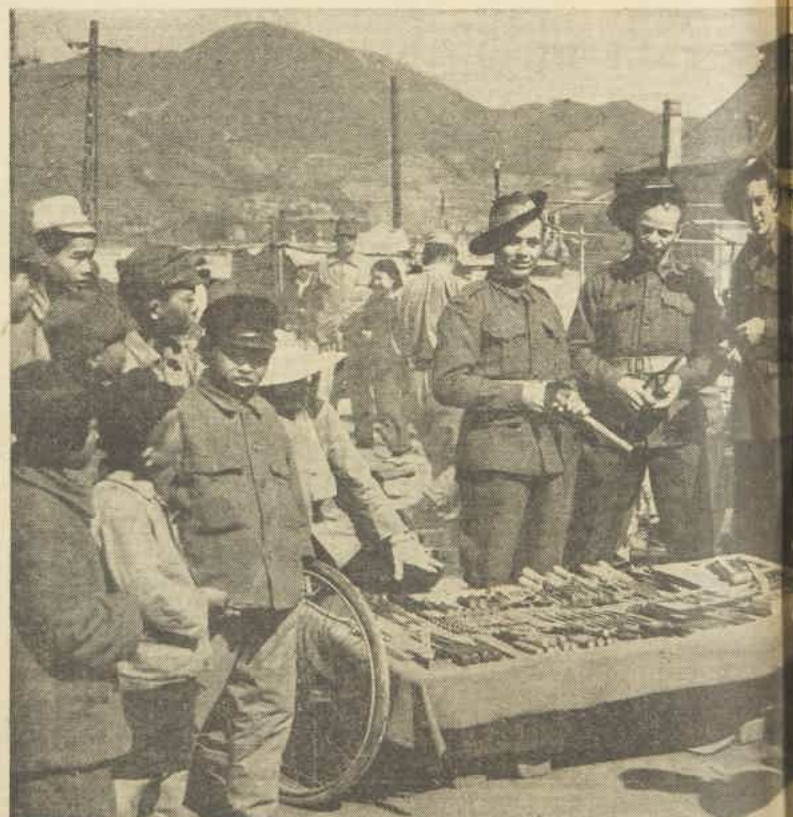
Another viewpoint is that the laboring population of Kure doesn't notice much difference. Same work, different bosses.

EXTRACT from Mainichi (Japanese newspaper in English) the day after the Japanese elections:

"Though such a scheme on the part of the Shidehara Cabinet as to hold on continuously to its present post will not process so unimolestedly as it is wishfully thinking due to various anti-Cabinet movements to



JAKE, the monkey, one of the hospital mascots, Klose (Adelaide) by Dr. P. B. McCulloch. Jake is bored about being made a mascot.



IN MARKET PLACE in bombed-out business area of Kure, Pte. Ken Esler (Portland, Vic.) (left), Pte. and Dr. Jim Matthews (Coburg, Vic.) look over a stall where screwdrivers and pocket knives are sold, mainly by Japs, as souvenirs are scarce and dear.

IN KURE . . .

insidelights

has a goldfish in a glass vase in her room. His name is Ferdinand.

"One night I woke up," she said. "I knew something had happened. Ferdinand was gasping on the floor. He leapt out of the bowl twice. Now he's orientated."

ANIMALS are rare in Kure. I have seen two cats in three weeks. They looked like Manx cats. You don't see many dogs, either. One English servicegirl brought a dog from India. If there is a stray dog it attaches itself to a camp.

Occasionally you see a bony old horse pulling a cart. But they say the Japanese can't feed animals. There isn't any food to spare.

KURE streets and docks are punctuated with anonymous holes. Here and there a concrete slab is missing from a footpath, revealing a broken main.

Bill Brindle disappeared five feet into one of these the other night, emerged with a bruised shin.

The night before, a Cameron Highlander fell into the same trap, went to hospital with internal injuries.

Other places round the docks have small round holes where someone has been doing a bit of pipe-fixing and left a lid off.

If I don't return, I will probably have disappeared down one of these for ever.

WHEN the Japs pick up a telephone they say "Mushi mushi," and if the person at the other end is a Jap he says "Mushi mushi" too. They say it means, roughly,

● Photographs on this page are by staff photographer BILL BRINDLE

"Listen," but it seems to have a wider range.

So at the Press house I picked up the phone once and said "Mushi mushi," and was confounded by a Jap voice answering, "Mushi mushi." I called the house boy for that one.

Tried it next time, to hear a choking voice say, in a British accent, "It's the Signals Master here."

"House sixteen," I replied formally, retrieving the situation.

THE Japanese girls don't like pin-ups. Most quarters have a Petty girl or a film star or several on their walls.

The Jap girls, unless very sophisticated, won't look at them.

"No good," they say.



ON ETA JIMA ISLAND, where 130th A.G.H. is located, four Australian girls, Aamys Pte. May Michelmore (Adelaide), Sister K. O'Bryan (Vic.), Sister A. M. Duffield (Qld.), and Aamys Pte. Shirley Thomas (Sydney) gather cherry blossom near the hospital.



"BEEHIVE" GIFT STORE, near BCOF Headquarters, is rather smart and very expensive. Two ENSA girls, singer Elaine Lewis (South Wales) and accordionist Jean McLaren (Durham, England), look over some Japanese dolls.



STREET SCENE. Mama pulls Papa home in handcart, while junior walks alongside. Whether Papa San is tired or ill is not clear, but women do more hard work than men in Japan.

Book (East Melbourne). Markets are patronised

What's on your mind?

Produce films for children

WHY doesn't some authoritative person in our film industry follow the lead of well-known English film magazine Mr. Arthur Rank in providing suitable films for children?

Chief difficulty in screening suitable film fare for Australian youngsters at Saturday matinees is an almost complete lack of juvenile movie entertainment.

In England, Arthur Rank decided to tackle this same problem by appointing an experienced woman executive to produce a lengthy schedule of films solely for juvenile consumption.

These productions will be shown at Saturday morning matinees at all Rank theatres, where, for some time now, only "hand-picked" films from English and Hollywood studios have been shown.

An Advisory Council, comprising representatives from Government departments and voluntary organisations, has been formed to give assistance. In addition, negotiations are also proceeding for an exchange of children's films with the British Empire, America, Russia, and European countries.

It is a big step towards providing youngsters with suitable film material. When will Australia fall into line?

11 to C. F. Howe, 21 Prince St., Alberton, S.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Five-shilling notes

THERE would be general public approval if the Federal Government would introduce 5/- banknotes into Australian currency. The 5/- silver coin issue in 1938 was not successful, as the coins were bulky to carry around in any quantity. The U.S.A. has its one-dollar notes, so let Australia have convenient 5/- notes.

5/- to H. Lock, Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.

Longer legs

WHEN good sheer stockings return in quantity to the market I hope manufacturers will make the stockings with long legs.

Nothing is more irritating than to pick up good stockings from a counter and then have to discard them because of the short legs.

5/- to Miss M. Sely, 13 Baker St., Lenah Valley, Tas.

Morning matinees

I SHOULD like to see suburban picture theatre managements institute morning instead of afternoon matinees.

The average young mother cannot go to city matinees or morning sessions because of feeding routines and early shopping, nor can she attend the local afternoon matinee without being caught up with peak hour traffic and perhaps a meal-time rush.

A local theatre session starting at 10.30 a.m. and finishing about 1.15 p.m. would be a valued convenience to mothers who otherwise would not have the chance of seeing a good film.

5/- to Mrs. B. Andrews, Kareela Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Lacks control

DRINKING fountains in most of our cities are old-fashioned and unsatisfactory. They are hard to control and send a horizontal stream of water of great intensity dashing



against the drinker's face. An easily controlled, vertical jet of water is what a thrifty tramper of the sun-soaked streets requires.

5/- to L. B. McDonald, 140 Molesworth St., North Adelaide, S.A.

You Can't Win

Continued from page 17

I WAS not the only one watching them. Seemingly, everyone on the airport had business round operations whenever the San Diego flight was in. Each time they pulled out there would be broad grins all over the place. Mason avoided his former pals as if they had the plague.

It was Mason who first showed signs of cracking. Worried lines appeared about his eyes and mouth, and his shoulders began to sag. He was making rotten landings. When the landings smoothed out again it was apparent to everyone that Ann was at the wheel. The stewards on their flight told me that Ann was doing 90 per cent. of the flying.

I began to worry about that flight, so one morning I stopped Mason just before he boarded the plane. "Is Miss Griffin getting along all right?" I asked.

"Getting along?" he mumbled. "Yes. How is her flying?" "Her flying? All right, I guess."

"You guess? Say, look—"

But he turned away from me and boarded the plane. Then I really worried. I got hold of Ann between flights, and asked her how matters were going.

"I understand you're doing most of the flying."

"I suppose so." Her eyes overflowed with laughter. "Frankly, I have never seen a man eat such crow before. He was so confident, so sure I was a rotten pilot. The first two days he laughed at almost everything I did. Then suddenly he stopped laughing, and on the fourth day he told me, 'You win.' Just like that. I have been doing the flying ever since."

I scratched my head. "Hm-mm-m. Doesn't sound much like Mason."

Her smile gave way to a small frown. "He has been acting odd. He seems to have lost interest in everything. You know," she mused, "when you get to know him he isn't really such a bad sort."

She walked away from me lost in thought.

On the last flight of the last day of Ann's temporary contract, the field was soaked in tight. Goldfish could have gone swimming through that fog. Three flights were brought in safely on the landing beam and as soon as the San Diego flight got in we were going to close down.

Helen arrived in my office just before quitting time, like a vulture, though a beautiful one, waiting to close in on the kill. Ann Griffin had turned in a creditable performance. As soon as her flight landed I was going to offer her a permanent contract, and be glad to do it. But there was a fur coat involved, and Helen was on hand to see me sign the cheque.

We heard the flight coming in and I opened the windows to listen to the engines droning in the fog. The sound came low down, approximately where it should be on the landing beam; then suddenly the engines coughed and roared and the sound faded away in the fog.

I grabbed Helen's arm. "Something's gone wrong! Let's get out there."

We ran down, and out on to the apron. We heard the ship circling far in the distance, then coming back toward the field. The sound of the engines increased in volume and I held my breath. The throttles were eased back and we could hear the propellers changing pitch and then the scream of brakes as the wheels settled on the field. In a few minutes the airliner rolled toward us out of the fog, spun about, and came to rest.

Mason was gazing quizzically at Ann as they left the plane. I stared at them and could hardly believe my eyes. Ann had evidently been crying. Mason had one arm

about her and was wiping her eyes. They came toward us and Ann was smiling through her tears and Mason was beaming. I have never seen anyone so happy.

"What happened?" I asked them. Ann said humbly, "It was my fault. I was at the wheel. I guess I—just lost my head."

Mason patted her on the back, grinning broadly, and said, "That's all right, honey. What's the difference?"

"But I—I still don't understand"

Mason explained to me, with great satisfaction, "She went all to pieces, poor kid. I didn't pay any attention when she missed the beam the first time. But when she failed to hit the glide-path the second time she started to cry. I took over and came in." He put an arm about her and said, "Gee, honey, don't feel badly about it."

"Well," I said, "you're sure done an about-face. The last I heard you were the guy staring through windshields."

"That," he announced happily, "was love, my friend. I didn't realize it myself until this happened. We're getting married to-morrow. Aren't we, Ann?"

She nodded and whispered, "Yes." Then she looked at me and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Taylor, to let you down this way. But you wouldn't want me after losing my head that way. Would you?"

"Well—"

Mason said quickly, "Of course not. Anyway, I don't want my wife to be working. A wife, I always say, belongs in the home." He squeezed her and said, "Now, how about that dinner and night-club deal? It looks like we've both won."

As they walked away, Ann and my wife smiled at each other and nodded with complete understanding. Helen sighed and said, "Isn't it grand? She isn't lost or forlorn any more."

I took her arm and walked slowly back to the administration building. Something, I was thinking, was fishy somewhere, but I couldn't put my finger on it. But I chuckled as I told Helen, "It looks like you misfired this time."

She stared at me and gasped, "What! Don't tell me you think this hasn't ended satisfactorily! Of all the nerve—trying to worm out of a wager."

"Now, wait a minute. Our bet was—"

"That Miss Ann Griffin would turn out satisfactorily. No more than that. And she has. You can't deny that marriage is far more satisfactory than flying an old airplane. You've always said a woman's place is in the home. Now, haven't you?"

"And another thing, with Mason married you won't have any more trouble over stewardesses. So it has turned out satisfactorily for you, too. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yeah. I'll say."

I shrugged and took Helen's arm and started walking again, while she rapturously told me all about the new fur coat she had bought that afternoon. What, I thought, is the use?

(Copyright)



"It's ALL top merchandise here. I wear it myself."

Scrub Clothes?
I'm not THAT old-fashioned!

...BUT THAT CLOTH IS SNOWY WHITE! HOW DO YOU DO IT? I SCRUB FOR HOURS BUT I CAN'T GET WHITES LIKE YOURS

AND YOU WON'T—NOT WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS. THE MODERN WAY TO BRIGHTER WHITES IS WITH RINSOL'S RICHER SUDS

SO SHE TRIED RINSOL

MY NEIGHBOUR WAS RIGHT! RINSOL'S SUDS STAY RICH AND THICK RIGHT TO THE END. THE DIRT IS GONE AND I DID NO SCRUBBING AT ALL!

I'M SO THRILLED! I'VE NEVER HAD SUCH DAZZLING WHITES AND THE COLOURS ARE BRIGHT AS NEW!

WHAT'S MORE, YOU'VE FINISHED YOURS EARLIER THAN USUAL

THE BETTER THE SUDS, THE BRIGHTER YOUR WASH AND RINSOL GIVES THE RICHEST, THICKEST SUDS OF ALL. SAVE YOUR CLOTHES, SAVE TIME—WITH RINSOL

Rinsol

Z. 174.10

Michelette

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*Cut out this advertisement — Write your name
and address in the space below and post for self-
measurement form.*

MICHELE CORSETS

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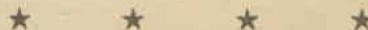


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This coupon is for your convenience, should a friend also require self-measurement forms, simply write in to Michele Corsets, St. James Building, Sydney. Remember, every "Michelette" is individually made, but for your convenience, if your need is very urgent, a small stock is carried.



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Smart winter frock in attractive shades

This delightful frock is attractive in its simplicity. It is obtainable in a warm winter material in shades of dusky-rose, arctic-green, fawn, and pretty sage. It features an interesting neckline and dolman sleeves and a gored skirt allow for comfortable wearing.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 42/6 (13 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 47/6 (13 coupons). 1/91 extra. Postage.

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Needlework Notions

No. 714—Neat Boy's Suit in all wool Crepe.

The pattern for this sweet suit comes to you traced clearly on an all-wool British material in shades of beige, sky-blue, dusky-pink, and green, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together.

714

The neat shirt with stitched yoke and pleated front is finished with a Peter Pan collar.

Sizes 2 to 4 years, 14/10 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 15/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 5½d. extra.

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Clearly traced on British cotton in shades of natural, grey, and white, the designs for these dainty mats come to you ready to embroider.

Round mats are 8in. in diameter and the sandwich mats are 5in. x 11in.

Price 6d. each, postage 1d. extra or set of 3 1/3 postage 2½d. extra.

715

Continuing . . . Days and Nights

from page 5

AN hour later they moved Saburov to the other end of the village in the head doctor's small car. It was in a settlement of little houses standing at the edge of the water. From the stream to the house ran two rows of willow trees, and the water, the bare branches of the trees, and the little peasant hut growing out of the ground seemed to Saburov almost as quiet, as the hospital itself.

In the hut, which had been partitioned into two halves, it was also quiet. At the table were sitting the quiet women who were no longer young, each wearing a black shawl over her head—the woman of the house and Anya's mother.

When Saburov was carried into the room, following Anya, the woman who lived there bowed gravely to him and said, "You are welcome." Anya's mother threw up her arms and said: "Oh, how you have changed!" and only after all this did she say, "How do you do?"

The stretcher-bearers lowered him to a broad peasant bench behind the table and stood by doubtfully. "Never mind," Saburov said, "I can get to the bed myself. You can go."

They went out. The woman of the house went into her half. For the first time in many years it seemed to Saburov that he had landed in a family which he had known for a long time and in which he felt very good indeed.

Anya walked over to the big bed standing beside an enormous Russian stove which divided the little house into two halves. She spread out the blankets and began to fluff the pillows. She was doing what the nurses had done every day in the hospital. But to Saburov it seemed that she did it all with some special skill.

He kept his eyes on her and he was sorry when she said: "There, now it's all finished."

The mother was sitting behind the table, nearly opposite him, and from the way she looked at him he understood there had already been talk about him between her and her daughter.

Anya's mother looked quite different now from the way she had looked in Eltonskaya. Her eyes were clear and calm. She had seen everything, everything had been fashioned in her heart, and now she was only waiting for it all to end.

"Well, it's better here than in Eltonskaya," Saburov said after a short silence.

"Better," she agreed. "We were out of our minds then. I had all but forgotten my own daughter. That was why I wandered all the way to Eltonskaya. You've grown so thin!" she added, looking into Saburov's face.

He had a feeling that she had wanted to say, "You've grown so old!" but she repeated: "You've grown so thin!" and then she shifted her glance to Anya, who was sitting quietly across the table from her.

Saburov understood the mother's look: she was trying to figure out how they would be together, he—so old, and Anya—so young. For the second time that day he wanted to say that he was not really old after all. But he remained silent.

The mother stood up, tied the corners of her shawl beneath her chin, and walked to the door.

"Mother, mother, wait a minute," Anya turned to her. "Wait a minute. Help me to move Alexei Ivanovich over to the bed."

"I can do it myself," Saburov protested, trying to muster his strength.

He tried to stand, but Anya had already come up to him on one side, her mother on the other. Leaning on their shoulders, he hobbled over to the bed. When he had stretched out on it he had to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

The mother went out. Anya drew over a little bench and sat down beside him.

"Well?" he said.

"Do you feel all right?" Anya answered his question with another.

Saburov held out his hands to Anya. She took them in hers and sat for a long time looking at him, gazing searchingly into his face, examining every line in it. This

was her man, entirely hers. Here he was, in her house, and this was so unexpected and at the same time had been waited for so long, and was so unbearably wonderful, that tears welled up in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing." Without letting go his hands, she dried her eyes on his shoulder. "Nothing. It's just that I'm terribly happy."

She moved the little bench away, sat on the bed next to him, buried her face on his chest, and cried, remembering how they had first crossed the Volga together, and how she had been wounded, and how much it had hurt, and how he had kissed her.

She thought how excited she had been by this, and how long she had not seen him, and how terrifying he had been when they had found him, and how finally she had been unable for eight whole days to get to him.

He looked at her hair and slowly ran his fingers over it. Then he pressed her close to him with both arms, without saying a word. Hearing steps, he barely turned his head and saw that the mother had come in.

Automatically he made a movement to release her, but Anya on the contrary, only pressed more tightly to him. Then she lifted her head, looked at her mother, smiled, and drew herself even closer. It was at this moment that the feeling went through his heart which would not later leave him—that this was for good, something permanent.

The whole day went by as if in a dream. Anya's mother came in and went out, preparing dinner. She bustled about, trying with every look to show that they need not be embarrassed by her presence.

After dinner Anya sat beside her mother and told Saburov at break-neck speed all the little things about herself that one tells once in one's life, suddenly, all at once, and only to the person one loves. He listened

back on his good arm and let her chatter pour over him. He was thinking how a time would come when she would no longer carry stretchers and escort the wounded across the Volga.

They would go away together. Where? How should he know? He knew only that it would probably be very good. About what would happen within a few days, when he would be returning to Stalingrad, Saburov thought only casually. Maybe he could fix things so that Anya could be with him in his battalion. He would only have to talk to Protzenko about it. In fact, he thought that if the times had been different Protzenko himself probably would have come to the wedding. "Wedding," Saburov smiled.

"What are you smiling about?" Anya asked.

"Just a thought I had," he said.

"What kind of thought?"

"I'll tell you later. Don't get angry. All right?"

"Good."

He thought again "wedding," and he remembered his dagout, and for a moment it was as if he could see himself returning, sitting there at his own table with Anya, and beside them those whom he would summon on such a day. Maslennikov, Vanin, Petya.

When they had finished eating, Anya suddenly cried: "Mother, tell us our fortunes."

They brought the table next to the bed, and the mother said, as people usually say in such circumstances, that she had not told fortunes for a long time, and what was the use of trying anyway, since they were unbelieving people, but she finally began to deal out the cards.

Saburov had never been able to understand just why a black six meant a long journey, or the ace of clubs meant a government office, or why if the queen of spades fell on a black ten it boded no good, but if four jacks came out in succession that meant happiness. But he liked the confidence and the gravity with

which fortune-tellers explained the meaning of the cards they dealt.

Anya watched her mother's hands closely as they dealt the cards. Since on this day her future seemed crystal clear, they managed to find an explanation for everything her mother told them.

The long journey they explained as the crossing of the Volga, and the government office was Saburov's dagout. When the mother turned up the queen of clubs, which together with the king of diamonds signified that Saburov was interested in a Lady of the Red Cross, then this meant Anya, absolutely and positively Anya, in spite of the fact that she was not dark but fair, and simply because she was a medical student, and therefore, perhaps, a Lady of the Red Cross.

This explanation amused them, and they laughed for a long time until the mother was offended, or perhaps simply grew bored with telling fortunes, and stopped dealing out the cards.

Saburov, exhausted from long sitting and long talking, leaned back on his pillow and relaxed. Anya took out a short sheepskin coat and a pillow, and began to make a bed for herself on the bench by the wall. Saburov watched her quietly. The mother came in again two or three times on household errands and then went out for good. Then Anya came over to Saburov, knelt on her knees beside the bed, and embraced him.

Wonderful to them both was the silence round them, and the mother being gone, and the two of them there alone, but most wonderful of all was the fact that they would be together now for a long time, for to-day and to-morrow, for always.

The sound of the samovar woke Saburov the next morning. It was strange to look round and see this room, with the mother bustling round the table, just as if nothing had changed at all. Anya ran in from the entrance passage where he had heard the splashing of water.

Please turn to page 25

Bill had to earn more money—

AND HERE'S HOW HE MADE ANOTHER £8 A WEEK

Bill's war-work overtime gave out just when his boy was ready for high school. Like so many others, the beginning of 1946 was the beginning of Bill's money worries...

Bill: "I'll try to cut down, Bill, but it costs a lot to live these days."

Bill: "I know. If only I could earn a few extra quid a week... maybe in the evenings."

Next Day: "The pictures broke down twice last night, Dad—Mr. Gateby is going to get another operator."

Bill: "Say, I'm an electrician. Sounds like a job I could do after work!"

All right, I'll give you a trial—£8-0-0 a week. George here will be your off-sider.

Bill: "I'm quitting, Mr. Gateby! That projection room is mighty hot any time—but when the operator has 'B.O.' it's more than I can take."

George: "I couldn't lose you, George. That new fellow must go on Friday."

Bill: "Gosh, 'B.O.' can ruin a man's chances! But Lifebuoy with its special health ingredient will stop 'B.O.' and give lasting all-over protection!"

At End of Week: "I wasn't too sure of you the first couple of days but you're O.K. now. I'd like you to keep the job, Bill."

Projection Room: "Thinks if it hadn't been for Lifebuoy I'd be struggling still!"

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

LIFEBUOY

W.156.61



Another SCENE!

I was beginning to believe
she enjoyed them!



DOCTOR: WELL, THERE'S CERTAINLY NOTHING ORGANICALLY WRONG IN YOUR CASE. BUT YOU SAID YOU EVEN WAKE TIRED? WELL, YOU SEE, WHILE YOU SLEEP YOU SHOULD BE REPLACING ENERGY LOST DURING THE DAY AT WORK AND PLAY. EVEN DURING THE NIGHT YOUR HEART AND LUNGS CONTINUE THEIR WORK USING UP STILL MORE ENERGY. UNLESS YOU GET COMPLETE REST YOUR ENERGY IS NOT REPLACED AND YOU WAKE TIRED AND BECOME NERVY. YOU NEED A CUP OF HOT **HORLICKS** EVERY NIGHT.



Tired and Nervy?

If you wake tired and become more tired as the day drags on. If you find it hard to concentrate... get irritable and lose your temper over trivial things... then remember those symptoms can very often be traced back to the fact that you are not replacing the energy you use up. Try a cup of hot Horlicks just before bed. After Horlicks you wake full of life, and clear-eyed. "Nerves" become a thing of the past. Get some Horlicks from your grocer or chemist to-day.

HORLICKS

Contains all essential food elements in their natural form.

Days and Nights

Continued from page 23

ANYA paused in the doorway and said: "I'll be with you right away." She squeezed her long wet hair, twisting it on her fists, as she had on the little steamer when he had seen her for the first time.

At four o'clock Anya was supposed to go. She pulled on her boots, put on an overcoat, and clapped a cap on her head. Then with quick, decisive steps she walked over to the bed, kissed Saburov, and walked out of the hut.

From now until to-morrow he would know nothing about her.

For the first time in his life he experienced that day and night the physical torment of waiting—the anxiety, the superstitious fear that right now, when everything seemed to be so good, something would happen to her. He remembered thousands of dangers which ordinarily he had not even noticed.

In the evening Anya's mother sewed for a long time on a sewing-machine in the other half of the little house. Then she came in with the stub of a candle, placed it on the table, and looked at Saburov.

"You're not sleeping?" she asked.

"No, I'm not asleep."

"At first I couldn't sleep, either, when she used to go, but now I sleep. After all, I have three of them at the front, and if I didn't sleep for all of them I'd be dead in a week."

Saburov nodded, wondering if he would ever feel the same way about Anya. "What have you been sewing?" he asked.

"This? My sister-in-law gave me some cloth, so now I'm sewing a dress for Anya. After all, she is a young girl. But she'll have to go barefoot in it; she hasn't any shoes. Maybe I could give her these?" She held thoughtfully at her old, patched, low-heeled slippers. "What do you think?"

Without answering directly, Saburov said: "I'll be getting up soon and we'll be having a wedding. You won't be angry, will you, if we have a wedding over there?"

"On the other side of the river?"

"Wherever you live is the place to do it," she said, accommodatingly.

For a long time she sat by Saburov and talked to him about the things mothers like to talk about with the husbands of their daughters—details about Anya as a little girl.

Saburov found in what she said a kind of delight and a kind of sorrow—delight in learning these details, and sorrow because he had not seen them all himself. Like all people in love, he wanted passionately to have a share in everything she had done, in everything that had happened in her life before him.

The mother went on talking with him, and he realised that this woman knew better than he did how to wait and how to stay calm. Maybe it occurred to him, she was comforting him on purpose with this conversation.

Saburov did not sleep the whole night, and only at eleven in the morning, when the sun came in the window and threw a yellow band across the bed, dozed off without knowing it. He woke up again, from being stared at. Anya was sitting on the bed at his feet and looking at him.

He opened his eyes, sat up in the bed, and reached his hands toward her. She hugged him and then pushed him back by force.

"Lie down, my dear, lie down. How did you sleep?" she asked.

"I slept well," he lied. "How is it over there?"

"Good," Anya said. "Very good."

She spoke cheerfully, but on her animated face he noticed signs of complete fatigue. He looked at his watch; it was about eleven, and at four she would have to go back again.

"Lie down now and go to sleep," he said. "Right away."

She drank a cup of tea, lay down next to him, and one minute later was fast asleep, almost in the middle of a word. From time to time he turned his eyes so that he could see her, and it seemed to him the impossible had happened; time itself had stopped.

This sensation of time having stopped remained with him through all the ten days which he lived here before his return to Stalingrad. He tried to force himself not to think about what was now happening in his battalion. He kept wondering about it, naturally, but he did not want to worry about it.

On the sixth day, and about three hours after Anya had left, he heard someone on the porch call out his name, then he heard quick steps outside the room, and in walked Maslennikov.

"Alexei Ivanovich, my friend," Maslennikov blurted out from the threshold, and ran rather than walked over to him. He stopped short, embraced him firmly, pulled up a little bench, agitatedly took out a cigarette, offered one to Saburov, struck a match, and began to smoke.

"So you're left the battalion in the lurch?" Saburov asked with a smile.

"On Protchenko's orders," Maslennikov said. "How are you, Alexei Ivanovich?"

"All right," Saburov said. Noticing Maslennikov's close examination of him, he asked: "What's the matter, have I grown very thin?"

"You're thin, all right."

Maslennikov jumped up, dug into the pocket of his overcoat, pulled out a package of biscuits, another package of sugar, and three tins of canned meat. He piled this all hurriedly on the table and sat down again.

"You're trying to butter up your commanding officer?"

"We have lots of everything now. Supplies are good."

"And what heroic deeds have you been performing over there without me?"

"What have we been doing? Just what we did when you were there," Maslennikov said. He wanted to

"No, he stayed there. I go right on without ever getting touched," Maslennikov said. "Do you know, I sometimes think that either they'll never manage to wound me, or they'll kill me at once."

"Don't think about that," Saburov said. "Once and for all think to yourself that it's entirely possible, but then don't go on thinking about it every day."

They talked a while about the battalion, then Saburov suddenly said: "Listen, Misha. Aren't you surprised that I'm not in the hospital but here?"

"No. They told me."

"What did they tell you?"

"Everything."

"Yes... I'm very happy..." Saburov said after a moment's silence. "Very, very. Do you remember how she sat on the barge with us and wrung out her hair?"

"I remember."

"And then when we got off she was already gone."

"No, that I don't remember."

Saburov would have liked to go on and on talking about Anya, but he checked himself, shifted the conversation, and asked: "How does Protchenko look?"

"All right," Maslennikov said. "He laughs a lot, as he always did, even more now."

"That's bad," Saburov said. "That means he's nervous."

"Why nervous?"

"When things bother him, he laughs more often than usual. Yes, I haven't asked you the most important thing of all. Who's commander of the regiment?"

"A new man, Major Popov."

"Well, what's he like?"

"He's all right. I think, maybe even very good. He's calm, and not irritable—a cheerful fellow, a little like the general. They served together, by the way, somewhere else, it seems."

"That's very likely. The general never forgets his old fellow officers."

They went on talking this way for another ten minutes, and then Maslennikov was suddenly in a hurry, and Saburov saw on his face a new expression of grown-up responsibility. Maslennikov didn't feel right. He had been away from the battalion a long time.

"I'll be with you in the evening," Saburov said, "three days from now. Well, on your way, get going."

A day after Maslennikov's visit, Saburov stood up and tried to walk for the first time. He felt unbelievably weak and dizzy, and he went out on the street and stood a little while at the gate listening to the distant artillery rumble.

Every day Anya came back later than the day before and left earlier. In her tired face he could see how hard it was for her, but they did not talk about this. What was the use?

The doctor ran over to Saburov for a minute from the hospital, at Anya's request, but he did not examine him and only bent his legs at the knees and ankles with a professional twist, looking in his face and asking if it hurt.

Although it actually hurt a lot, Saburov had set himself for the pain and he answered that he felt nothing. Then he asked when the truck drivers would be going to the river crossing the next day.

"The truck drivers leave at five," the doctor told him. "But you remember just the same that you're not entirely well."

"I'll remember."

"Well, that's fine. It's good-bye then," the doctor said, standing up and pressing Saburov's hand.

When Anya came, Saburov told her he was going back to Stalingrad the next day. Anya was silent. She did not even argue that it was too soon, and she did not ask him to stay for just one more day. This kind

of talk would have been out of place between them.

"Only let's go together," she said. "All right?"

"That's what I was thinking, too."

All that day she was quiet and thoughtful, and although she was very tired, for once she was not sleepy. She sat next to him, quietly moving her hand over his hair and looking closely at his face as if trying to remember it better.

She did not fall asleep, but he dozed off for half an hour, and she woke him when she had to leave. Once more she stroked his hair gravely and said: "It's time for me to go." He stood up and walked with her to the gate, and then watched her for a long time as she hurried down the street.

In the morning Saburov packed away his few belongings in his knapsack. Anya was a long time coming. At half-past four he had to leave himself if he was not to miss the hospital truck along the road. He went out once more on the road and stood there for a long time. Then he went back to the little house, sat down at the table, and wrote a short note to say he was leaving without her.

He said good-bye to Anya's mother. She did not wring her hands, did not grieve, and took his departure quietly.

"You're not going to wait for her?"

"No, I've got to go."

"Well then, go." She came close to him for a second and kissed him on the cheek. This was the only sign she gave of her fear and anxiety for him and for her daughter.

To be continued

BANISH the agony of TIRED ACHING FEET!



No wonder I always dreaded a day in town! Walking on the crowded pavements was sheer agony—my poor feet were swollen and inflamed in no time!

At the hairdresser's I was thankful to get my shoes off. "Why don't you try Rexona Ointment?" said Miss J—. "It does wonders for me, and I'm using my feet all day!"

So I tried Rexona. That night after bathing my feet, I massaged them all over with that cool, soothing treatment. It was amazing how quickly the dreadful pain disappeared.

New! I thoroughly enjoy a day in town with my friends! A little Rexona rubbed into my feet each morning, keeps them cool and comfortable the whole day long.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT
A JAR (City of Saburov)
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

C.B. 37

Happy days ahead

when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... flings it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

B.B. 1 36

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





Terry paused, running her eyes appraisingly over Lillian South.

MAN OF LETTERS

By CZENZI ORMONDE

a woman I saw. What am I saying! She was at the show."

"Or maybe that balloon-faced psychiatrist, Dr. Moresby, hated Abbott for some silly reason, and had to kill him. Or it could have been Seth Chapman, the third guest. That long lean intellectual learned last night that Abbott was trying to revive his affair with Lillian."

"Seth Chapman is a professor of mathematics," said Bill. "If he shot a man the police would have found him standing there with a gun in his hand, still figuring why the body hadn't fallen in a 40-degree arc in order to hit the exact hypotenuse. . . . Hey, wake up! We've got to think. The question is: who killed Abbott?"

"Flat-top," Terry mumbled. "You are dead beat," Bill sighed. He led her to the bathroom and turned on the shower. "Get under that while I change my shirt. I'll call a cab. We've got only 15 minutes."

She almost fell asleep on the bathroom floor. Bill shook her and panicked her hat on top of her head. He turned off the water and propelled her out of the house and into the taxi.

"I never thought you'd let me down," he said tensely. "This might be our last taxi-ride together."

Terry smiled tenderly and kissed him. "You look sweet when you're doomed. If you'd only learn, Bill, to keep out of other people's murders and stop reading detective stories, I'd tell you a secret."

Bill gaped at her. "Darling, relax, because I know who shot him."

Bill mopped his face and stared at her. "Do you mean that?"

"If I prove it to you, can I sleep for 24 hours without your shaking me to pieces?"

Bill looked worried. "You should have stayed home. I smell trouble coming. I might have known you were up to something last night at headquarters. Jumping round from chair to chair, chatting with that South dame, asking Dr. Moresby for a cigarette, Seth Chapman for a light, rattling on about some play or other! The lieutenant was ready to throw you in the cooler."

Terry smiled. "I must have been good. I thought the lieutenant caught on when I stared so long at those pictures that had just been developed."

"I didn't see anything unusual in them," said Bill. "Just stills of a very still guy lying on the floor."

"You overlooked one small detail," Terry said sweetly. "There was something else in those pictures."

"Another secret, I suppose?"

Terry nodded. As they got out of the cab in front of Abbott's house, she said: "After we've been there a little while, darling, you jump up as if you'd been stabbed by your conscience, and scream: 'I did it! I did it!' Like the movies."

"Now listen, I'm not . . ." "You won't have to act much, darling, because you really look guilty. You forgot to shave. Then after you've screamed you run like crazy out of the room." She added in a tone of uncertainty: "But don't go too far away."

Bill said: "They'd shoot me."

"They'd only hit you in the leg, silly," Terry whispered as they entered Abbott's house. "When I put up my hand like this, you confess."

Bill shook his head. "There should be an easier way."

Bill's misery reached a new low. She was acting again. He knew he should have left her asleep on the bathroom floor.

"What's the idea?" he mumbled. "We don't know anybody named Charlie Doran."

Terry put her hand to his forehead. "Poor darling," she said. "This dreadful business has really been too much for you."

Through layers of fatigue and misery Bill heard the lieutenant's deep voice. It droned on, repeating the case as outlined at headquarters the night before.

Terry whispered, "Listen to this." Bill sat up. Terry's eyes were fixed on Lillian South and Seth Chapman. Bill followed her gaze. The two were sitting like wax figures, staring at the man. Lillian had torn her handkerchief to shreds and Seth's hands were clunking tightly over the arms of his chair.

"The new development that has come to my attention," said the lieutenant, "is that you, Miss South, Mr. Chapman, and Dr. Moresby, each had opportunity to kill Gregory Abbott."

Please turn to page 27

BILL said hopelessly to his wife: "The trouble with you is that you don't enjoy murders."

"I adore them," Terry yawned and curled up on the couch. "Especially when somebody like Gregory Abbott is shot dead."

"He was a prominent man with degrees a yard long, a philosopher, a man of letters."

"The letters spell R-A-T," Terry murmured sleepily. Her eyes closed and her shining hair spilled over a cushion. Bill stood over her and slapped her face. She sat up, startled. "Bill Lawrence, you struck me! If I wasn't so tired, I'd cry."

Bill put his arms round her and pleaded. "You've just got to stay awake. In another hour all the suspects are going to be in that room where the murder was committed and you know who is going to be arrested."

Terry nodded solemnly. "You," she said. Then realization of Bill's danger started the tears falling on her new summer dress. "It's your own fault," she spluttered.

"I know," Bill admitted miserably. "Now listen, let's go over everything once more."

Terry moaned. "We were at headquarters all night long, until four this morning, and since we came home you've rehearsed the case a hundred times. It's almost ten o'clock in the morning. Even murderers should sleep some time."

Bill said: "Gregory Abbott was killed in his study between nine and ten o'clock last night. The butler said the three dinner guests left about a quarter to eight to go to the theatre. Mr. Abbott was to be their host, but suddenly he sent them along, and said he would get there for the second act. He never showed up. These three guests left the theatre together, went to a cafe for supper about 11.30, then to their various homes. I happened to be passing the Abbott house about 9.30 and I saw a dark shape sneaking past the hedge, and disappearing into the night."

"The police don't think you saw

anything of the sort," Terry reminded him.

"But I tell you I did! I felt something was wrong so I walked through the french doors of the study. They were wide open."

"And you put your fingerprints all over the gun," Terry was weaving back and forth with exhaustion.

"What if I did? I admit it was dumb, but I had no motive for killing Abbott."

"He flunked you in philosophy your senior year. You always told me you'd like to murder that handsome, wax-headed Socrates."

"That's ancient history," Bill said. "After the guests left, Abbott's house, Abbott went direct to his study, according to his butler, and gave instructions that he shouldn't be disturbed. I wonder what kept Abbott from meeting his guests later at the play?"

"Elementary," Terry yawned. "A bullet hole through his head."

"The gun was warm but not hot when I got there," Bill went on, "so who lifted the telephone in the study when the butler phoned from the pantry about 9.30 to ask if he could leave for the night? The voice was muffled and said, 'All right.' But Abbott was dead. Whose voice was it?"

"Those guests," Terry murmured, "acted as if they had motives for killing him. But they had no opportunity. That pale, rich, and neurotic Lillian South was in love with Abbott. Did you notice how nervous she was last night? He brushed her off finally, but those quiet exotic numbers are often murderers at heart."

"That's right," said Bill. "She was dressed all in black last night, wasn't she? It could have been



Edward James Green

Continuing... Man Of Letters

from page 26

DR. MORESBY said fiercely: "This accusation is absurd. I never left the theatre during the performance and I am sure that Miss South and Mr. Chapman were there. I saw them at the first-act curtain. We chatted in the foyer."

The lieutenant nodded his head. "I know that," he said, and then made a great point of giving credit to Terry.

"She discovered, in conversation with you three people last night, that there were discrepancies in your version of the first act of the play. One of you, in answer to a question she asked you, said a certain character appeared early in the first act, when, as a matter of fact, he didn't appear until the last part of the second."

Terry said sweetly, "I saw the man yesterday."

Seth Chapman eyed her frigidly. "That doesn't mean a thing. Anybody could make that mistake."

Terry still smiled. "I learned something else. The four seats Professor Abbott had reserved were not in the same row. Your seat, Mr. Chapman, was next to Miss South's, and the other two were three rows behind on the aisle. You can check that, lieutenant, with the ticket man."

"We figured that out ourselves," the lieutenant interrupted. "Now, Miss South, will you tell us why you stayed out of the theatre and stayed away until the first act was about over? And Mr. Chapman, where were you?"

Lillian South was sobbing into the compass of her handkerchief. She had left the theatre, she admitted, with every intention of driving early to Abbott's house. She was beside herself with worry. Abbott had threatened to hand over to Seth some foolish letters she had written. They were worth a certain price, which she was prepared to pay, because earlier that evening Seth had asked her to marry him.

"But I didn't come back here," she

sobbed. "I decided not to give him another cent. I suddenly realised it was better to risk losing Seth than to go on paying for a mistake. I turned round and re-entered the theatre. I went to the powder-room to repair my make-up and get hold of myself. When I came downstairs into the foyer Seth—Mr. Chapman—was just—he was waiting for me. I told him everything. We smoked for a few minutes and then went back to our seats."

"Would it be more accurate to say," suggested the lieutenant, "that Mr. Chapman was just re-entering the theatre as you came downstairs. This frightened you because later when you learned Abbott had been killed..."

"I knew what he was up to!" Seth said belligerently.

"So you followed Miss South out of the theatre, but you didn't see her go back in, did you? We have only Miss South's word for that. Any one of you had time to get here, kill Abbott, and hurry back..."

"I think," said Dr. Moresby, calmly, "that you are making a big mistake, lieutenant, in attaching such importance to the natural dilemma of a man in love."

"Oh, but it isn't that," Terry said brightly. "What the lieutenant is trying to explain is the..."

"If you please, Mrs. Lawrence," said the lieutenant.

Bill couldn't bring himself to look at any of them. Something on the desk magnetised his eyes. He stared. There was something odd about it, a slight variation from the normal that disturbed him.

Suddenly he knew what had set Terry's fantastic brain on fire. It was plain as day. He tore his eyes away from the desk and looked closely at Seth Chapman. Dr. Moresby, and Lillian South. One of them was left-handed. He or she had to be. That was why Terry had jumped around last night, asking for cigarettes, a light, anything

to get them to reveal which one was left-handed.

Bill was too absorbed in his discovery to see Terry frantically pulling at the pin on her dress. He was blind to her signals.

"If you please, lieutenant," she said breathlessly. "I can tell you who committed the murder. I know."

With this definite statement Bill felt the pin jabbed into him. He jumped from the divan, glared at Terry. Something urgent and beseeching in her look made him remember to yell: "I did it! I confess—I did it! She knew all the time..."

"You're supposed to run, you ham," Terry said between her teeth. As Bill bolted for the door, she screamed, "Bill! Bill! Come back. You're crazy. I know who did it—I know..."

BILL, once dynamited into his role of escaping prisoner, ran down the hall. There seemed to be a mob of policemen on his heels. He heard Lillian South shriek hysterically. Shots exploded behind him. Bill, out of breath and wheezing, ran into the library and sank down on the couch. He felt his legs gingerly. They were intact. He sat up, wondering why the herd had stopped pursuing him. He looked out into the hall and saw two policemen guarding two of the dinner guests.

They were looking not toward the library where Bill was hiding, but toward the professor's small study down the hall.

Terry wasn't with them. Don't go too far away, she had said. That meant only one thing. The crazy kid had planned this method of letting the killer betray himself. In the excitement of the moment the killer wouldn't follow the crowd in

the hallway to give chase, not if Terry was staying in the study, and not if the killer knew she was the only one who had discovered the truth...

Bill rushed down the hall yelling: "Do something. She's in there with the murderer!"

He knew now it needn't have been a left-handed person at all who had picked up that telephone on the study desk and answered the butler's call. Many left-handed people picked up a telephone with their right hands in order to leave the other free for writing; but the majority of them still held the receiver end to their left ear. The telephone cord, dangling from the right end of the telephone as it lay in its cradle, was a small but definite indication that the last man to use the instrument had more acute hearing in his right ear.

"Take it easy," said a guard at the door of the study. "They got 'im but he's putting up a fight."

Bill walked in. Dr. Moresby, angry and dishevelled, was struggling in the hands of two burly plainclothesmen. They dragged him out. The lieutenant was bending over Terry, who was stretched out on the couch. There was a blissful look on her face.

"Out cold," said the lieutenant. "He hit her just before I got back in here. She was right. The minute you pulled your act everybody cleared out but him."

Bill groaned and knelt down beside Terry. The lieutenant went on: "She'll be all right. Another second and we might have had a second murder, though."

Bill grasped Terry by the shoulders and shook her hard. "Come out of it, baby. Wake up!"

Lazily she opened her eyes. "Bill, you said. This is the best sleep I've had... ooohh!" She put her hands to her head. "Roman candles, fire-crackers, little brown men bowling inside my brain..."

THE lieutenant said admiringly, "She is a plucky girl. She told me Moresby was the killer because he didn't hear her when she asked him for a cigarette last night. When she moved to his right side, he heard perfectly. It seems, according to the way he went crazy here just a minute ago, that Dr. Moresby was a victim of Abbott's blackmailing schemes, too. Something about a medical scandal years ago that could have ruined Moresby."

"When he became Lillian South's doctor, he started building up to Abbott's murder. He played on the girl's conscience until she was ready to do anything, even kill the professor herself if she had to. Moresby waited for the moment when Lillian would break and suspicion would centre on her. He hadn't reckoned on your passing the house, of course, and getting curious."

"How was Dr. Moresby able to leave the theatre during the first act, and yet know what took place on the stage?" Bill asked.

"He was thorough. He read the play beforehand."

Bill jumped into an easy chair and held Terry's hand.

"Why do you have to get fancy when you solve a murder?" Bill asked softly.

"Darling, a man like Moresby would keep this case stringing along for months. In the meantime you'd be getting a good pallor, and that poor Miss South would crack up in some sanatorium. I had no way of knowing he left the theatre, so we had to trick him into thinking I did know. That's all there is to it. She opened her eyes wide. 'That's funny. I don't feel a bit tired now. Let's go to an early movie. There's a good mystery thriller at the Balboa.'"

Bill was sprawled in the easy chair. Terry looked at him, then sighed with wifely patience.

"He's always falling asleep!" she murmured.

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How many of you have linens as long-lasting as this?

ASKS
AUNT JENNY

CAN YOU BEAT MRS. J. C. MONAGHAN'S RECORD?
She writes from "Dalmona", Broadwater, Rd.,
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12/12/45.

Dear Aunt Jenny,
I listen in to your 11 o'clock soap session, as I am a Velvet Soap lady like yourself. I have a marcella quilt of poppies and wheat on my bed that I have had 29 years, also the net is eighteen years old. It has been put up new just before my baby was born, and it looks like new, thanks to Velvet Soap. This quilt has been on almost every day. I always get two bars of Velvet at a time as it is so wonderful on the hands. My mother used it before me, it is so pure and good. Wishing you every success with Velvet Soap.

Yours faithfully,
Anne Monaghan
(Mrs. J. C. Monaghan).

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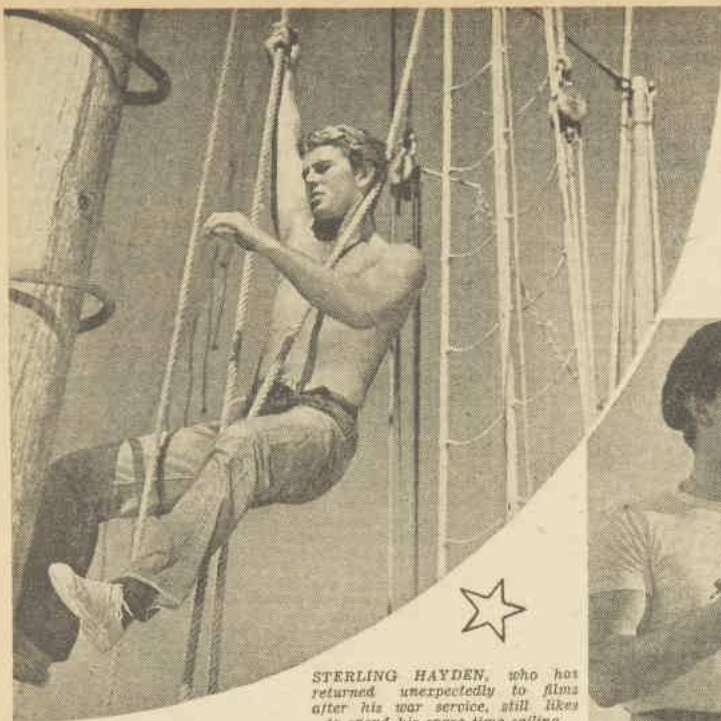
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Mrs. J. C. Monaghan,
whose letter is printed
in full above.





STERLING HAYDEN, who has returned unexpectedly to films after his war service, still likes to spend his spare time sailing.

Anna Neagle—soccer fan

By cable from our London correspondent

FOR years Anna Neagle has been an ardent football fan, and on Saturdays her producer-husband arranges the shooting schedule of "Piccadilly Incident" so she can leave to barrack at the matches.

She has brought luck to the crack British Amateur Soccer team. The Barnet footballers adopted Anna as their mascot and this week she sits in the seat of honor to urge them on in the Amateur Cup Final.

PROPERTY men at Ealing are complaining that they are being turned into soft-drink attendants. They have been doing shuttle service between the studio commissary and the set, where a gang of boys, chosen from all walks of life, are starring in "Hue and Cry."

The scenes require the star, Harry Fowler, ex-Piccadilly newsboy, and fifteen-year-old Douglas Barr, of Glasgow, to sip ginger beer while talking to a lanky, comic "detective" Alastair Sim. Before the astonished eyes of the camera crew during three brief "takes" they polished off six bottles of ginger pop between the two of them.

THE glamorous cargo of film Lend Lease, Patricia Roc, is now back in England with a definite Hollywood trade mark stamped in her speech. During the six months there, while she filmed in "Canyon Passage," Pat's clipped English accent nearly vanished, and now she is having difficulty in talking anything but American.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is joining the immortals in the hearts of Yugoslavians.

In company with Shakespeare and Roosevelt, Charlie has also had a street named after him in Belgrade.

A little farther to the north-west, Berlin, they are going to see him in "The Great Dictator." Or will they go?

PAT KIRKWOOD may soon come back to England, after finishing her film with MGM in Hollywood, to make another English film and appear in a musical show.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 145-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

BLOND GIANT Sterling Hayden (right) is on Hollywood's bachelor list again, following his recent divorce from Madeleine Carroll, who has returned to England.



CLOSE HARMONY on the "Canyon Passage" set at Universal, with Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward, and musician Hoagy Carmichael singing Hoagy's latest song, "I'm Gettin' Married in the Mornin'," written for the technicolor production.

Studio's tribute to Sydney girl

Few higher compliments can be paid to a film player than to receive the unqualified approval of studio technicians as well as that of the director.

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Sydney girl Jane Holland won many verbal bouquets during the screening of Eric Porter's Australian film, "A Son Is Born," which soon will be released.

"She was the favorite of everybody," said Mr. Porter this week. "Jane is easy to direct and wonderful to work with, and we all will be watching her future career with the greatest interest."

"I have offered her another part in my next picture, 'The Storm Hill,' and I feel sure that she is an unusually promising film player, of the Ann Richards type."

"We will begin the next picture in September."

Blue-eyed, brunette Jane graduated to films after an eight-year career in radio, some stage work, and

an unusually long series of appearances in a voluntary capacity in Army Entertainment shows touring Australia.

She has some definite ideas about her work, and says smilingly that she gets more fun from amateur stage performances than any other.

In "A Son Is Born" Jane played the romantic role opposite Ron Randall.

The script required one bathing scene, but it was discovered that Jane was unable to swim.

"Don't worry, I'll learn in time," she said to director Porter, and within three weeks she was able to swim the necessary distance.

At present Jane is on extended leave from the A.B.C., and is touring Queensland with a dramatic company. She has been heard in the popular radio serial, "The Lawsons," for two years.

After her work in the second Por-

Star alters mind about Hollywood

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

Sterling Hayden is back. This six-foot-five blond giant walked out of Hollywood in 1940, commenting, "Hollywood makes me sick. I am a seafaring man, not an actor."

Now Hayden is a returned serviceman, and, like Lew Ayres, startled Hollywood with the announcement, "I want to play a minister on the screen."

HAYDEN read the Paramount script of "The Gauntlet," which tells the life story of a young minister. He asked to be tested for the role and may make his screen comeback in this film.

Idol of the bobby-soxers in 1940, despite the fact that he made only two films before deserting the sound stages for the heaving deck of his own schooner, Sterling is not forgotten.

Chatting over coffee in the Paramount commissary, Sterling told me, "When I spoke about my attitude towards Hollywood six years ago, it was a purely personal viewpoint."

"Hollywood life was not for me because I had not the background for it. I was a seaman who became a star overnight due to lucky breaks."

"But the transition was too sudden. The social whirl was too much for me. I probably was very selfish. Now I am back and must admit that I have changed completely. My war experience made me interested in problems of the people and the world."

"In my work with the Office of Strategic Services during the war I did the job of blockade runner of the Dalmatian coast, and then parachuted into Yugoslavia, where I worked with the British and Americans for thirteen months."

"Now I have done an about-face. I want to make an effort in my own way for helping the reconstruction of the world."

Though he is reconciled to Hollywood, Sterling's first love is the sea. On his week-ends he boards the DeWitt yacht, and hopes to buy a new boat for cruising.

Prior to Pearl Harbor, Hayden sailed a merchant ship to England and then trained with a British commando unit in Scotland. When the United States entered the war, Hayden joined the United States Marines and was later assigned to secret work with the O.S.S.

To-day Sterling is one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, but it will take an outdoor girl to capture his adventurous heart.

Film Reviews

★★★ SARATOGA TRUNK

THE long interval since the last release of an Ingrid Bergman film makes this one all the more welcome.

Warners, with Miss Bergman and Gary Cooper as stars, have produced an excellent version of Edna Ferber's novel set in early days of New Orleans and Saratoga.

The warmth and color which Miss Bergman brings to any role are all the more noticeable in her portrayal of the Creole adventuress. She is a wonderful foil for Cooper's laconic Texan with whom she finds romance.

Two other fine jobs are done by Flora Robson, as Clio's maid-servant, and Jerry Austin, as a devoted dwarf in her employ.—Regent; showing.

★★★ THE CORN IS GREEN

SLOW moving but of absorbing interest throughout, Warners' adaptation of Emlyn Williams' play brings two promising young newcomers to the fore, as well as continuing Bette Davis' long list of good performances. The newcomers

are John Dall and Joan Loring.

In the dreary setting of a Welsh mining town, the schoolmaster (Davis) fights to encourage the education of brilliant but hard-to-handle young miner, Morgan (Dall). She sees him fall into the scheming hands of worthless Bessie (Joan Loring), and finally triumphs by taking the illegitimate child of Morgan and Bessie so that Morgan can avail himself of an Oxford scholarship. John Dall is not handsome, but he puts great vitality into the role, and Joan Loring portrays the despicable Bessie from childhood to maturity with vicious flamboyance.

Bette Davis brings the schoolmistress to life, and the part is one of her best.—Century; showing.

★★ SCARLET STREET

OVERSEAS censors reached firmly for their blue pencils when their first viewed Universal's tough, sordid drama, starring Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett and featuring Dan Duryea. Cuts were made, but even now the film is certainly as bad for the schoolroom. Joan, as gold-digging Kitty, is stabbed to death, Dan Duryea, as Joan's crooked lawyer, is hanged for a murder he didn't commit, and Edward G. Robinson, an erstwhile mild little business man, becomes a derelict wandering about aimlessly, unable to commit people he really was the murderer.

In spite of its sordid theme, the film is good adult fare.

Robinson manages the gradual moral and physical deterioration of his part very cleverly, and Duryea gives a brilliant study of the despicable crook, Johnny. This part should merit star billing for Duryea. Joan Bennett is a luscious gold-digger.—Victory; showing.

★★ OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES

SIMPLE life in the American country is the background for a series of heart-warming sketches.

There is melodrama, fire, death, and a near drowning in this MGM product, but the quieter moments are the best.

Under the direction of Roy Rowland, the children's roles, played by Margaret O'Brien and Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, achieve intense reality.

Their parents, Agnes Moorehead and Edward G. Robinson, bring such sympathy to their parts that the onlooker shares all the troubles that come their way.—Capitol; showing.



JANE HOLLAND, young Sydney film actress, who has a romantic role in Eric Porter's Australian picture, "A Son Is Born." Jane plays opposite Ron Randall.

ter film is completed, Jane hopes to go to England.

"I'm not going career hunting," she said.

"It's just going to be a holiday visit, like any other tourist."



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THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

Rheumatism attacks all classes, all ages. The wage earner is the hardest hit, for it is estimated that this painful, crippling disease costs the people of Australia £500,000 in wages lost every year.



Doctor (Examining Patient): "For how long have you been getting these muscular pains?"
Patient: "Oh, for quite a long time now, Doctor—lately I've been getting them more frequently, sometimes with a change in the weather, or if I get a chill. If I lift anything the least bit heavy I can't move for the pain."
Doctor: "Where do you get the pains mostly?"
Patient: "In my neck or back first of all. Then they spread into my leg muscles, and my shoulders."
Doctor: "What do you usually do when you get these pains?"
Patient: "I have to go to bed and stay there until the pain goes, as I can't bear to move."
Doctor: "Are your bowels regular?"
Patient: "Sometimes, Doctor, but quite often I am constipated."
Doctor: "It's very important that the bowels function regularly. It would appear that you are suffering from the condition known as muscular rheumatism, which is very prevalent among people of all ages today. Muscular rheumatism is caused by toxins (poisons) in your blood stream, which are carried to the various parts of your body instead of being eliminated." That is why Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are so valuable in the treatment of muscular rheumatism, for they cleanse your blood of the poisons that cause Rheumatism, Backache, pains in limbs and shoulders, stiffness in joints, painful urination, constipation, loss of energy, irritability, bladder weakness, and depression.

If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids (the great treatment for the blood) from your nearest Chemist or Store, and begin the Menthoid treatment right away. A pure herbal remedy, Menthoids can only do you good and may be taken with safety by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart.

MSDA

Masquerade in Mexico: musical



1 UNKNOWN to her, Angel (Lamour) is involved by Boris (G. Rigaud) in a daring theft of diamond.



2 ESCAPING from Boris, who wishes to implicate her further, Angel gets job as a singer in Mexico City.



3 BANKER Thomas Grant (P. Knowles) sees her, asks her help in winning back his wife's affection.



4 FLIRTING with Manola (de Cordova), Angel angers Grant's wife Helen (Ann Dvorak), who loves Manola. Angel is posing as the lovely Condesa de Cost Mora.



5 SUSPICIOUS, Helen checks on identity of Angel at house party, while fellow guest Natalie (Irene Denny) and Grant stand by to hear results of the telephone inquiry.

Back to Mexico

IN starring Arturo de Cordova in "Masquerade in Mexico," Paramount put him in the setting he loves best; for he has turned his back on Hollywood and gone back to Mexico, where he and Dolores Del Rio plan to produce their own films.

It was in Mexico that Cordova first made the headlines as a radio and stage star, and he came to Hollywood during the war to play in several important films, including "Frenchman's Creek," with Joan Fontaine, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and "Incendiary Blonde," with Betty Hutton.

"Masquerade in Mexico" is the thirty-fifth picture made by Dorothy Lamour. Her first was "The Jungle Princess" in 1936.

Part of her war effort was bond-selling, and she is credited with having sold more than a hundred million dollars' worth.



6 ESTABLISHING Angel as "Countess" by posing as her husband, Boris saves situation, steals Helen's necklace. Angel and necklace are both rescued by Manola.

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Winter Sparkle



MARY HORDERN'S PAGE

IN black velvet or corduroy velveteen, the coat at left is lovely to wear over the lime frock. This has two panels coming from the pleated fan-tail skirt at the back over the shoulders to give an epaulet effect.

The grape-colored suit at right has unusual and exciting embroidery of white sequins contrasting with the flesh-tinted top of the frock. The fur collar of the matching coat is also encrusted with sequins. Hat at left is of white velvet flowers and ermine tails.

Sainthill

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan

A well-known figure in the American social world, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan is a blonde with shining reddish tints in her hair and a delicate blonde complexion which she safeguards with Pond's Two Creams. She says: "I am wholeheartedly devoted to the Pond's method of skin care."



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minutes. Wipe it off . . . and revel in the flower-fresh cleanliness of your skin!

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Pond's Cold Cream for thorough skin cleansing. Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener, at all chemists, chain and departmental stores in attractive jars for your dressing table and convenient handbag-size tubes.

Supplies will again become available when present restrictions are removed.

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1.—RIGHT FOUNDATION the first step in making-up. See story below for full details.



2.—ROUGE COMES NEXT. For perfect or natural effect apply as directed by Carolyn Earle.

Make-down for that NATURAL MAKE-UP

By CAROLYN EARLE

HERE are still a lot of us who do not know how to apply cosmetics correctly . . .

The secret is in knowing not how to put on make-up so much as how to take it off.

Cultivate a cunning hand in accentuating the contour of your face, know your type and stick to it, and make your aim that "natural" look in which exaggerated mouths, heavily rouged cheeks, and surprised eyebrows have no part.

A fair face is a clean face, so you are cleaning your face at least twice a day—always at night.

If your skin is oily, you cleanse with soap and warm water; if dry, with a rich cleansing cream, remembering always two coats are better than one, and removing the cream thoroughly.

Now for the make-up: Note the step-by-step routine illustrated and follow faithfully:

1.—Select a good foundation—one that will help protect the skin and hide tiny blemishes. A light cream or perhaps a lotion for dry skins, a non-greasy liquid or cake make-up for oily skins. Take plenty of time in applying it very smoothly and evenly, and be sparing with it. A little is better than too much.

2.—Rouge . . . danger signal here. Feel the cheekbone beneath the skin surface. Apply your rouge in three small dots along that area, no closer to your nose than the centre of the pupils of your eyes, and never below the end of the nose.

In an upward and outward direction, blend in smoothly, feathering all edges, until you get the appearance of natural complexion.

3.—Powdering is something of an art, too. Taking a generous quantity of powder on your puff, press it gently over the face, beginning at the hairline and working to the base of the throat. Without rubbing or scrubbing, press gently all over until it is set, removing excess with a powder-brush.

This should give a smooth finish which will last ever so much longer.

4.—Lipstick should be applied to a perfectly dry surface and the line curved so that it widens the top lip. Bring down in a smooth curve to the corners of your mouth. It is not necessary, or usually desirable, to go past the lip itself. In this way your mouth will be wide on the sides just under the eyes. Blot off excess.

Practice up on using a lipstick brush, too. It makes a lovely, smooth outline without frayed edges or smudgy corners.

5.—Eyeshadow, by all means—if applied sparingly with a fingertip about half-way across the lowered lid, deepest near the lashes, and fading off to the merest whisper towards the eyebrows. Keep brows neatly groomed by brushing them straight up and then sliding a clean brush across the top, coaxing stray hairs into a neat line.

For extra gleam, brush over lightly with a bit of cream.

6.—Mascara to make your eyes seem larger and more beautiful. IF used discreetly. Use a damp—not wet—brush, rub lightly across the mascara; then from underneath brush lashes up and outwards, working from about lid centre out. If a second coat is necessary, wait until the first dries before applying.

Lastly, clean and dry the brush and comb through your lashes carefully for that alluring, sideways glance.



3.—NOW POWDER. Press it on generously with puff; brush off excess for smooth finish.



4.—LIPSTICK next step in making-up. Be skilful. Follow our expert's advice for perfect results.



5.—EYESHADOW for evening allure if you must, but apply sparingly as directed in article.



6.—BE DISCREET about using that mascara; haphazard use spells disaster to good looks.



ON YOUR FEET

ALL DAY?

Be fair to your feet! If you subject them to the continual strain of housework and shopping, they need special care. Get a box of Zam-Buk, the famous soothing and healing ointment, and apply this treatment: First bathe your feet every night in warm water. After thoroughly drying, gently massage the Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. Use Zam-Buk regularly—and your feet will never let you down.

Zam-Buk

1/6 at all Chemists and Stores.

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The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary, and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Substitutes refuse anything else.

1/3 . . .

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Pleasant plan for a one-room flat

Any girl can turn a dingy abode into something attractive, provided thought, energy, and constructive planning are applied to her decoration.

By NORA S. McDUGALL

Graduate of Interior Decoration, New York.
Lecturer in Home Decoration for the
Australian Army Education Service.

PLAN of the working-girl's one-room flat can be seen in this sketch. Utilitarian part of the room is behind closed doors of the built-in cupboard, so that the room has a feeling of space and simplicity.

THE one-room flat has to do a job of at least four rooms. It is here the girl must entertain her friends, work, read, sew, sleep, and cook. But how can all these things be fitted into a small space without giving the effect of an overcrowded attic?

The answer is a PLAN. A plan there must always be if the money and energy are to be expended in the right direction. Furniture will be bought with an eye to usefulness and comfort, every inch of space utilised to its utmost, the most pleasing colors chosen.

Therefore, the space of this all-purpose room must be carefully divided, furniture skilfully arranged.

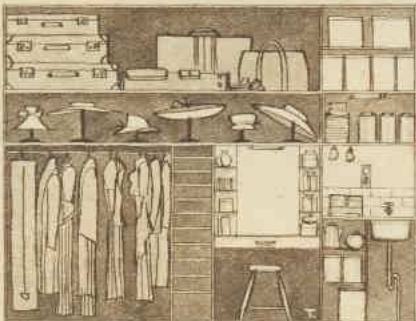
And what is more, it should possess individuality and express the personality of its owner.

This can only be accomplished by measuring the length and breadth of the room, noting situation of doors and windows, and then jotting them down on paper. This will show how much space you have in which to assemble your worldly goods.

Instead of an expensive and perhaps shoddy wardrobe, which does nothing for the comfort or looks of the room, it would repay a hundredfold to have the local carpenter make a built-in cupboard, even if it must be left behind when a move is made.

This cupboard could be built along one wall, making it large enough to house clothes, trunks, cases, as well as part of it acting as her dressing-table; another part sink and cooking appliances—all to be neatly shut away behind closed doors when not in use. With the doors shut, there will be one whole, plain wall surface, painted the same color as the other three walls, to give the feeling of space so badly needed in a small room.

Arrangement of furniture now comes up for consideration, and the choosing of the focal point around which the whole decorating scheme must swing, in



ABOVE SKETCH shows the commodious built-in cupboard which gives hanging space for clothes, shoes, dressing-table, sink, and cooking appliances.

order to give that well-planned appearance. The divan—or bed, as it is really—can become this axis.

Tailored covers and bright cushions are a good disguise for a bed. An agreeable group can be formed and extra storage space obtained if a pair of small chests of drawers are set at each end of the divan, and good reading lamps placed on them. Two upholstered chairs and a coffee table can complete the group, making a delightful arrangement for comfortable living.

A view is always an attraction, and the dining-table-cum-desk could be placed to advantage in front of the window to receive light, air, and interest. Chairs could be of the occasional type, comfortable and small, a useful asset for the seating of extra guests.

While the carpenter is on the job of the built-in cupboard, he could make some open shelves for books or the best pieces of china, perhaps a pair on the opposite wall to the couch.

Of course, there is always the question of finance that springs up like the big, bad wolf, and lucky is the girl who is able to buy what she wants straight from a good store.

However, there is a love of the hunt in every individual, and a hope of obtaining something of value for little cost. Every piece in her small home may be "picked up" in a second-hand shop or auction, taken home, cleaned, painted, and re-upholstered by herself.

This is no dream, and is not beyond any girl.

HELP FOR THE MOTHER-TO-BE

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THE mother-to-be who takes proper exercise and does the special pre-natal exercises regularly, so that her abdominal muscles are well toned-up, usually does not need any artificial support.

Sometimes, however, during the latter part of pregnancy there is considerable pressure at the base of the abdomen which causes much discomfort.

This can usually be relieved by a simple, home-made belt, with long and wide shoulder-straps. Adjusted properly, this belt takes care of the extra weight from the shoulders, and the pressure which often causes swollen legs or cramps is relieved.

A leaflet with instructions for making this can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.: The pre-natal section of our Mothercraft Bureau is open on the 5th Floor, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Sydney, for individual interviews and demonstrations every day, Monday to Friday, from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.

Adorable hat...yours for 39/11



"RENDEZVOUS," the exclusively designed hat shown above, is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department for 39/11.

THIS decorative hat, called "Rendezvous," designed by a notable French milliner, must have irresistible appeal for all fashion-conscious women.

Charmingly fashioned, so very easy to wear, "Rendezvous" makes a lovely complement for suits and dresses alike—glamorous with them—just the hat for you.

Choose from these colors:
Olive-green or Duchess-blue in finest
root felt, trimmed with palest pink hand-

made satin roses, soft green rose leaves, swathed with misty veiling.

Pastel pink felt with palest blue satin roses, soft green leaves, and pastel veiling.

Black felt with pastel pink or pastel blue hand-made satin roses, green rose leaves, and pastel veiling.

"Rendezvous," The Australian Women's Weekly model of the month, costs 39/11 plus 2/- postage. N.B.: It comes in a special box by registered mail.

Send your order for "Rendezvous" to The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department. Address in each State is given on page 22.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 11, 1946

WHY IS YOUR APRON SO MUCH WHITER THAN MINE?

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PEEP-TOE SHOES

These most talked about Gaynor's are now the most walked about shoes in the town. You see these new platform Peep-toes stealing the shoe-show wherever smart women meet... and they are the most comfortable and long-wearing shoes you've ever worn.

Gaynor
AUSTRALIA'S Loveliest SHOES



Come to Breakfast

BY THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT



A PLEASANT breakfast-time atmosphere is a fine starter for the day . . . It's up to you! But remember, it depends on good management rather than good luck.

More time for breakfast means your family will get a better breakfast—one that supplies the nourishment and energy they need to avoid that sinking feeling round about mid-morning.

There's only one way out—more preparation the night before . . . setting the table, getting out the toaster and cooking utensils.

Another time-saver: Try having the family come to the kitchen to be served

cafeteria style—less running in and out for you, hotter food for them.

The breakfast dishes given on this page are planned for the woman who prepares breakfast with one eye on the clock.

PEANUT BUTTER STUFFED TOMATOES

Four firm tomatoes, 4 tablespoons peanut butter, 2 tablespoons white breadcrumbs, squeeze of lemon juice, pepper, chopped parsley.

Cut a slice from the top of each tomato, scoop out about 1 dessertspoon of the pulp. Stand tomatoes in saucepan with about 1 cup water. Cover tightly, steam 5 to 7 minutes. Combine breadcrumbs, peanut butter, lemon juice, and pepper. Spoon into hot tomatoes, sprinkle with a few bread-

crumbs, and chopped parsley. Serve on hot toast squares or with toast fingers spread with peanut butter.

KIDNEY AND BACON PUFFS

Six sheep's kidneys or 1 lb. ox kidney, 3 bacon rashers, pinch herbs, 1 teaspoon minced onion, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, 2 cups cold mashed potato, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, milk to mix.

Soak kidneys 1 hour in salted water; remove skins, cut into cubes. Roll well in seasoned flour, place in saucepan with diced bacon, minced onion, balance of flour, salt, pepper, herbs, and stock. Simmer over low heat 30 to 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Allow to become cold. (This mixture may be prepared overnight to shorten cooking time.)

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, combine with potato. Mix to a firm dough with a little milk. Roll to 1 in. thickness, cut into 5 in. squares. Place a spoonful of kidney mixture on each square. Moisten edges, fold to form a triangle. Press edges together with a fork. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Serve piping hot with bacon rolls.

FRANKFURTS WITH GRILLED APPLE SLICES

Six frankfurts, 2 red apples, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 cup tomato sauce, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon flour.

Wash and core apples, cut in thick slices. Brush with melted butter and place under hot grill 5 to 10 minutes. Blend flour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk and tomato sauce. Stir over low heat until it boils and thickens. Cover frankfurts with water, bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Serve on hot plates with grilled apple rings, spooning the hot tomato sauce over the frankfurts.

SAVORY BREAKFAST CAKES

One large potato, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 egg, bacon rolls, tomato.

Grate potato and onion coarsely, add flour, salt, and pepper. Bind with beaten egg. Drop spoonfuls in fuming fat and fry 4 or 5 minutes until well browned. Serve hot with grilled tomato halves and bacon rolls.

CRUMBED LIVER PATTIES

One lamb's fry, 2 rashers bacon, 1 cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, 1 egg, egg-glazing, covering crumbs.

Wash liver well, soak 15 minutes in warm water. Skin, put through mincer. Add breadcrumbs, chopped bacon, flour, salt, pepper, herbs, and onion. Bind with beaten egg. Shape into small patties, dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry in fuming fat 6 to 8 minutes, turning to brown. Serve with or without brown gravy.



* Planned for quick breakfasts . . . tomatoes topped with peanut butter and breadcrumbs—or crisp brown puffs filled with kidney and bacon . . . grilled apple rings pair well with hot frankfurts.

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Nixoderm 2' - & 4' -
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



IT'S GOOD! Frances Gifford demonstrates how to make the apple pie that has become first favorite with studio players in MGM's lunchroom. You need 4 to 6 tart, juicy apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg. Pare apples, core, line dish with pastry, and fill with thinly sliced apples. Next steps are shown below.



NOW ADD SUGAR, lemon juice, and spice, and dot with butter. Then cover with lattice-like strips of top crust, making it a little richer than the under one. This is easily done by rolling in bits of shortening and folding the paste several times.

Cash prizes to . . .

Good Hot Pastries

• An unusual recipe for cream cheese turnovers captures main prize of £1 this week.

SERVE the turnovers for a change with a sweet jam filling instead of marmalade. A dusting of cinnamon and a little grated lemon rind on the apple slices will add flavor interest to the apple doughboys.

When raisins are plentiful again try adding a few to the sausage mixture for the pork pies. A squeeze of lemon juice will help, too.

CREAM CHEESE TURNOVERS
Four ounces shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. cream cheese, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup marmalade.

Cream shortening, add cream cheese, mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, add to creamed shortening and cheese. Mix well, chill thoroughly before using. Roll to 1/16 thickness on lightly floured board. Cut in 3in. squares. Place teaspoonful of marmalade in centre of each square; moisten edges, fold to form triangle. Press edges well together, brush with milk. Place on ungreased tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 20 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Maim, Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.

APPLE DOUGHBOYS
Three or 4 apples, jam, sugar, 6oz. plain flour, 2oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. shortening, water, squeeze of lemon juice.

Sift flours together, rub in shortening. Mix to firm dough with water and lemon juice. Peel and core apples, cut into slices about 1in. thick. Roll pastry thinly, cut into rounds 1/2in. larger than apple slices—cut twice as many pastry



NEXT STEP: Trim edges, and bake the pie about 40 minutes in a hot oven (450deg. F.), reduced after 10 minutes to 425deg. F.

rounds as apple slices. Place an apple slice on a pastry round, fill core hole with jam, dust with sugar. Moisten edge of pastry, top with second round of pastry, pressing edges well together. Brush with milk or water, sprinkle with sugar. Place on greased tray, bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (400deg. F.).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Thompson, Rosemead, Moonta, S.A.

LITTLE PORK PIES
One pound pork sausages, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 cup water, 2 apples, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, pepper and salt, 1lb. shortcrust pastry.

Remove skins from sausages, combine meat with onion, sugar, water, finely minced apple, curry powder, pepper, salt, and tomato sauce. Simmer 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Line muffin-tins or deep patty-pans with shortcrust pastry. Fill with meat mixture. Moisten edge of pastry, cover top with pastry, press edges well together. Slit top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with brown sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, c/o P.O., Carlton South, Vic.

Pamela Patience...
that's sound advice



"Well, I do know what the Horrockses name stands for," said Pamela Patience. "I always choose Horrockses fabrics myself. So when the salesman showed Michael John pyjamas of Horrockses Flannelette, of course I advised him to get them. And like all Horrockses fabrics it is colour-fast and will wear and wear. It pays you to get Horrockses."

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And I'll be worse to-morrow. We're out of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure Unless we can some borrow. What's that—the grocer's cat is here. Hokey! No need to borrow. A dose or two; goodbye to flu. I'll milk the cows to-morrow.

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The name "Jantzen" on knitwear is O.K. with any girl who knows her fashions . . . because she knows the Jantzen flair for smart styling and for expert tailoring. That's why any Jantzen you could choose from their 1946 knitwear range is guaranteed to

be a lovely way to keep you warm and cosy this winter.

Jantzen Style 220: Tailored jacket in lustrous ribbed Velva-Cord, with new Squared Shoulders and Double-Seam tailored sleeves. Colours — American Beauty, Lime, Spitfire Red, Snow Aqua, Burgundy, Beige, Navy or Black. Sizes 32-42. Price 54/6. Sorry, but stocks of this style are limited.



Jantzen makes a special feature of well-designed and finely tailored knitwear for men. Trouble is, Jantzen stocks are still very restricted, so you may have to keep on trying for a while before you are lucky enough to get your new Jantzen.

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